

CORONET

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WHO WALK ALONE by Perry Burgess

The Booksellers' Discovery of 1940—condensed as a Coronet Bookette

Lord Everett Horton: An Airman's Letter to His Mother; plus 42 features



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Cover Girl

Lillian Fox was one of those high-powered Powers models before she became Mrs. Philip Ickleheimer. Featured as a "typical outdoor girl," she later reversed her field to become one of the most celebrated "high fashion" models. Today, she poses so infrequently as to make this cover portrait, photographed especially for CORONET by Courtney Hafela, something of a rarity.

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**TRADITION TO THE CONTRARY, MEN ARE
MODEL PATIENTS COMPARED TO THEIR
LONG-SUFFERING FEMALE COUNTERPARTS**



Sick Women Are Brats

by JULIA DEBARRY, R. N.

Now that I can afford to be choosey I no longer accept a woman patient.

When I first finished my training, eight years ago, I greeted every case, man, woman or child, with intense enthusiasm. But today, after caring for some three-hundred assorted patients, I know that most sick men are nice people, but that most sick women are complete brats.

Tradition, of course, is all to the contrary. Women have always remarked, "Men are such babies when they're sick." "They fuss so." No doubt this is an accurate wife's-eye view of the sick-a-bed situation. When a man is ill at home his wife is worried. Naturally, her fretting irritates him. She is probably inept as a nurse. She knows none of the professional tricks of making him comfortable.

Subconsciously, she resents his being sick. Sickness is her delicate feminine prerogative. But does she herself make a good patient? No.

Take a look at Women's Surgical in any hospital. There is an air of gloom about the ward. Each woman intensely alone, concentrating upon her unique suffering. If two convalescents are talking together, their conversation covers only the fascinating details of their own cases. There is no world beyond this hushed one of their martyrdom.

But glance in at Men's Surgical. The radio is playing. The patients who are well enough are talking sports and politics. There is an atmosphere of camaraderie. Even the very ill are uncomplaining. There is no problem of discipline in a men's ward. The boys keep one another up to a "good soldier"

standard of behavior.

Night duty shows up another contrast between the wards. If a woman wakes and cries out while the nurse is busy at another bed, the rest of the patients stir and whimper. Wildfire demands for service run through the room. Let a man rouse in pain, and how differently his ward-fellows respond. "Pipe down, boy. She's coming in a minute." "Hey, there, what'll you have? Maybe I can get it for you." All down the long dim room men lift from sleep. Not to complain or demand attention. Only to light cigarettes that glow steadily through the dark until peace settles again.

A MALE private patient, although lacking the challenge of a hero in the next bed, still is anxious not to have the doctor think him a sissy, and he likes his nurses to consider him a stout fellow.

A woman, however, is under no such compulsion. She is a stricken flower and she wants everyone to realize fully what she is going through. It is true that her nervous system is more easily upset than a man's. Surgical shock does unbalance her more. But how she capitalizes on her weakness! How she lets it show up her every little flaw of temperament!

A woman patient usually seems to think of her special nurse as a slave. A man regards her as a professional person doing her job. He is accustomed to paying for specialized competence in his office, and to dealing courteously with business associates. A woman—unless she is a business woman and knows better—is familiar with but two classes of women, her friends and her servants. Perhaps because of the personal nature of her duties, a trained nurse is put in the servant class.

This is unmistakably clear whenever Madame Patient has visitors. She makes a point of ordering her Special (private nurse) about at such times. A window-shade must be adjusted, a pillow plumped up, a vase of flowers moved an inch to the left. She is paying for service, and she loves to demonstrate the fact.

During calling hours a man is more than ever reluctant to give orders. His nurse is often brought right into the visitors' circle. And it is much more pleasant to be treated as an equal than shown off as a sort of super-valet.

In fact, a man never uses his nurse as a valet if he can possibly manage for himself. When he is well enough to shave, he shaves himself. A woman at the same

*Sweet
Shantage
4.22.46*

stage of convalescence demands much more service. Her hair must be brushed two hundred strokes a day, and she must be dressed becomingly. Moreover, she must "do" her face, and the nurse must relay a series of creams and lotions, cleansing tissues, cotton pads, rouge, mascara, eyebrow pencil.

The woman patient has a passion for paraphernalia. She wants little soft pillows, inflated rubber rings, cold cloths on her head, regardless of whether her particular malady would be eased by any of them. Since they are for the sick, and she is sick, she feels she shouldn't be cheated out of anything.

She dotes, too, on surrounding herself with her own belongings. If she is a Platinum Girl she comes equipped with a supply of crêpe de chine sheets to substitute for those supplied by the hospital. She brings satin and lace coverlets. Her maid comes frequently to replace them. And if, on Thursday, Mimi arrives with the pale carnation-pink cover when the hydrangea-blue one was expected, there is much extra work for the nurse. The flowers must be completely rearranged to the new color theme. The patient's tea-rose nightgown, donned but five min-

utes before, must be changed for another which will blend better with the pink coverlet. In extreme cases, she is even likely to demand a rug of a color to suit her taste.

Men, God bless them, are content to take their hospital rooms as they find them and not to worry about the shade of the rug or the color scheme of the floral decorations. And they are content, too, with the gowns the hospital supplies. A woman, whether or not she is in the silk sheets strata, must wear her own frail and lovely nightgowns. The hospital robe is a practical affair; the lady's nightgown is not. It is perpetually wrinkling under her and hurting her back, and the gown must be straightened out again and again, the suffering back rubbed. Women are demons for massage, anyway. They think it is good for their skins and insist upon hour after hour of it. Men want it only to relieve a genuine ache.

NURSING being a female occupation, a man reconciles himself to the fact that he knows nothing about it and gives his Special a free reign. A woman usually feels that she has a Florence Nightingale streak of her own as a part of her birthright. And besides, she remembers every detail of the

time Aunt Martha had her stroke, and can quote what Joan's nurse did for *her*—that girl was wonderful!—when Junior was born.

More annoying still is the fact that by the time a woman is enjoying her convalescence she has observed many of my tricks of pampering and has taken them over as her own. When I am about to reach for the small pillow I slip under her knee, she says brightly, "And now if I could just have a little pillow right here." As if she had thought it up herself! That's stealing my stuff, lady. I resent it.

A sick man doesn't talk as much as a sick woman, either. Only one subject is acceptable to her. It's "My Operation." Her capacity for repetition is astounding. She goes tirelessly over what her doctor said to her and what she said to him, how she felt before and after. A man can hardly wait to be at his morning newspaper. Then he is freshly equipped for talk. He has a friendly, if casual, interest, too, in his nurse's private life. He is likely to say when his Day Special comes in, "Well, you look bright and chipper this morning. Go dancing last night?" He hopes she has had a good time. A woman resents the idea of her Special's having enjoyed herself.

She should have been resting, saving every ounce of her strength for the day's dedication.

In personal comments, also, there is a marked difference. Women say things like: "My, you must be hot with your hair still done page-boy." "I don't see why you wear that shade of nail polish. I don't like it." And "Low heels always make the feet look big, don't they?" While men say: "Too bad all girls can't wear nurses' uniforms." "You certainly look nice in white." And "You've got exceptionally small hands to be so strong."

Then as to food: so many things disagree with the female stomach, often sensitized by the following of dietary fads. Madame has never been able to cope with broccoli. She must have a special order of green peas. Everything must be served with great daintiness, too, lest it revolt her fastidious appetite. Her husband, equally ill, eats what's given him without a yammer. For years his hardihood has survived the hazards of *plats du jour*, and he is undaunted by the limited choice of hospital fare.

And so it goes throughout her illness, milady treating her day nurse and night nurse, two well-trained, able women, to as fine an exhibition of infantilism as you

would ever run to avoid. Her weak, continual gestures are those of a fretful baby. She whines. She blames her discomforts on the personal malice of her surgeon. She is shocked at the hard-heartedness of a nurse who "deserts" her for the regulation lunch period.

It is part of such a patient's infantilism that impels her to make a handsome parting present to her nurse. There is the child's feeling that you can kiss it and make it well. And so Madame subconsciously apologizes, and consciously rewards, with some such extravagance as a wrist watch. I have eleven of these, to date, not one of pleasant association.

Men know that they pay only for expert care. Any plus they may get cannot be bought, and they take out their gratitude, if any, in a different fashion. Instead of buying us farewell gifts, they're just nice all along. And in those rare instances when they're not, we have our private revenge. We call them "perfect women."

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WAY OF ALL WOMEN

by *M. Esther Harding, M. D.* \$3.00
Longmans, Green & Co., New York

I GO HORIZONTAL

by *Duff Gilford* \$2.50
The Vanguard Press, New York

HOW TO ENJOY ILL HEALTH

by *Cecilia L. Schulz, R. N.* \$1.75
Whittlesey House, New York

Sauce for the Goose

FANNY KEMBLE, spending a summer in the country in Massachusetts, had engaged a neighboring farmer to drive her about. Being of a loquacious turn, the farmer, upon their first drive, immediately launched into a discussion of the crops, the country, and the people.

"Sir," said the imperious actress, "I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer stopped talking

at once and never again attempted to open a conversation with her.

At the end of the season he silently presented his bill. Miss Kemble studied it with a puzzled air. "What is this item, sir?" she demanded, pointing to an illegible scrawl. "I cannot understand it."

"Sass, five dollars. I don't often take it, but when I do, I charge," was the farmer's laconic reply.—**ERNA S. HALLOCK**

THE SETBACKS WHICH DOGGED THE EARLY
CAREER OF ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER
MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED ANY LESSER MAN



Churchill: A Peer's Eye View

by THE RT. HON. LORD STRABOLGI

CHURCHILL is what the scientists call a "sport." He is an aristocrat, not hidebound by convention, and with leanings to the Left in politics. Born a member of one of the great ducal families, his whole career has been a revolt against the conventions, mental habits and outlook of his class.

His father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, was a "toff." That obsolete English word described a man of education and breeding and a member of the then all-powerful governing class. It was a term of affection, and most accurately applied to the late King Edward VII whose love of horse-racing and sport generally, with a complete absence of "side," to use a not yet obsolete English word, shocked the orthodox but endeared him to the hard-boiled man in the street.

Randolph Churchill appeared as a champion of the masses against the Liberal capitalists. Winston never won this hold over the affections of the common people as his father did, until he became known as an opponent of appeasement and an advocate of a firm front against Hitlerism.

Commissioned in a crack cavalry regiment after leaving Harrow School, Winston might have had the usual military career and, with luck, have retired as a major-general. His own inclinations, however, and his instinct of revolt against everything obsolete and conventional made him unpopular as a cavalry subaltern. And so, inheriting a little money from his parents, he became a journalist and writer and achieved rapid fame as a war correspondent in the South African campaign.

In 1900 he entered Parliament as a supporter of the Tory Party. He was hailed as another Randolph who might help to restore its fortunes, then already in decline. But Toryism was changing its character, and in 1905 Churchill crossed the floor of the House of Commons and joined the Liberal Party.

It took thirty-five years for the Tory-Conservatives to forgive what they described as treachery. For a member of a great Tory family to join the Liberal Party, with its Radical wing, was the blackest of crimes. For the next generation, politicians in the clubs, in the country house parties, in the salons, would say of Churchill: he had a first-class brain and every other virtue, but was unreliable. That he could not be trusted was the slogan of the Neville Chamberlain supporters in the long years of agitation for stronger armaments and for preparations to meet the German menace immediately prior to the outbreak of the present war.

As a LIBERAL, Churchill accomplished great things. He was a good Home Secretary, bringing about many needed reforms, particularly in our prison system; and he was a magnificent First Lord

of the Admiralty. By August 1914 he had created the nucleus of a naval War Staff and immensely increased the strength of the fleet. Foreseeing events, when the majority of the then predominantly pacifist Liberal Cabinet could not bring themselves to believe that a great war was upon them, he had the whole fleet mobilized a fortnight before the first shots were fired. His two great strategical conceptions were completely sound. When the great German armies of the first World War thrust through neutral Belgium and advanced on Paris, he scraped together what forces he could and threw them into Antwerp on the flank of the German line of march. Though it was a valuable diversion, the force was too small and was not properly supported, being cut to pieces and losing thousands of prisoners.

The Dardanelles campaign is the classic example of the correct use of sea power. Again, not properly supported, it failed. If it had succeeded, Turkey would have been knocked out of the war, the Russian Revolution might never have taken place, and the War itself would probably have been shortened by at least two years. Yet for the next ten years, a misguided and fickle public was led

to believe that Churchill was personally responsible for two major blunders.

When Churchill was soldiering in France, the war was nearly lost through the professional Tories at the Admiralty refusing to adapt their methods to the new technique. The U-boats were throttling British and Allied seaborne commerce, and we were within a few weeks of defeat. The situation was saved by the revolt of a number of the younger naval officers, including myself, who, taking their professional lives in their hands, made direct contact with the politicians and forced the necessary changes in personnel and methods. While this great movement was in progress Churchill returned to London on leave, and I called on him at his house in Eccleston Square. I was speaking for the rebels, who were not prepared to allow the old men to ride us to defeat. Churchill completely agreed with us; yet he begged to be excused from acting as our spokesman, saying he would do us more harm than good, and that we had better pin our faith on Lloyd George. Yet a month later, Churchill, again on leave, made the most useful speech on the need of military reforms ever heard in Parliament in time of war.

Today Winston Churchill is a modern captain-general of the forces. He is able to handle the major strategy, checked only by the advice of the chiefs of the three staffs. His greatest services to the democratic cause were, firstly, when the German armored divisions had broken the French lines and the French Cabinet were on the point of capitulation, he flew to France, took charge of the situation and galvanized the bewildered and defeatist French politicians into resisting for six more valuable weeks; secondly, when France had collapsed, when all looked black, and a few in high places in Britain were for peace at any price, he declared for resistance and was supported by the mass of the people.

CHURCHILL's private life has been remarkably happy. I had the privilege of meeting his wife, then a debutante, Miss Nellie Hosier—a lady of great charm and distinction — before her marriage. His children have all made careers for themselves, and have inherited much of their father's brilliance. In politics he has suffered many vicissitudes despite his many great achievements. Again and again he has been on the pinnacle of success only to be defeated by the

very forces of reaction he has been combating all his life. He has held every high office in the State open to a commoner except that of Foreign Secretary. He is a good friend, but is generally regarded as not a particularly good judge of men. Some of his political appointments have been grotesque, partly explicable by his loyalty to former adherents, partly to the exigencies of the party system. His setbacks might have destroyed a lesser man. In Churchill's case they have only helped to strengthen his character, his determina-

tion, and his robust will to fight.

Winston Churchill might not have been a success as Prime Minister in times of peace; but he is the only possible leader of the British peoples in this, to use his own words, "their finest hour."

*The Rt. Hon. Lord Strabolgi is the tenth Baron of a house established in 1318. Educated at the Royal Naval Academy, he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander and served on the Admiralty War Staff during World War I. Like Churchill, this 54-year-old Lord has had published a number of writings on Britain's affairs. Among them are *Will Civilization Crash?*; *India: A Warning: Sailors, Statesmen and Others*, an *Autobiography*; *Narvik and After: a Study of the Scandinavian Campaign*, and *The Campaign in the Low Countries*.*

Thought for Food

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was working in his study when Dr. Stukely came to call one day, and the servant would not permit his master to be disturbed. Since it was nearly dinner time, the doctor decided to wait for Newton to come out of his study for his meal.

Soon the servant brought in some boiled chicken in a covered dish. An hour passed, and still Newton did not appear. The hungry doctor, unable to wait longer for his own meal, ate the chicken, replaced the cover on the dish, and asked

the servant to bring in more chicken for Newton.

Before the servant could carry out the request, Newton entered the room, apologized for having kept his guest waiting, and said, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." But when he lifted the cover and saw only the well-picked chicken bones, he smiled and added, "See how dreadfully absent-minded we studious people are! For the moment I forgot I had dined." —CHRISTOPHER DUNN

IT WAS IN 1892 that Commandant Darget of Tours, France, published his report that he had photographed strange radiations from plants. It was in 1892 that the report by Commandant Darget of Tours, France, was forgotten.

Here, however, are the facts. Darget placed a newly cut fern on the glass side of a Lumière plate and left it in a light-tight box for two days. When developed, the plate showed not only the outline of the fern, but also three strata of radiations extending outward from the leaf.

Believing that the plant was now entirely dead and would therefore no longer emit radiations, Darget again tried the same experiment. This time no image whatsoever was imprinted on the plate.

Then a second control experiment in which a fern dead a month was used also drew a blank. Only from the still living plant cells could radiations be photographed.

Years later, Dr. Paul Joire of the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France discussed the case, commenting on its vast potential significance. Beyond that brief mention, the realm of the forgotten has claimed it.



WITH THE saying of the ceremonial words for those who die at sea, the bodies of James Courtney and Michael Meehan were dropped from the cat-

Forgotten

Man has set certain limits to those stories which can be accepted as "believable." If a story can neither be forced within those limits nor disproved, he simply allows the facts to slip quietly into the limbo of For-

walk of the gasoline tanker *S. S. Watertown*. It was December 4, 1924. The ship was at lat. 14-20 north, long. 50 west, heading for the Panama Canal. The men had died from the effects of gas fumes.

On January 9, members of the Watertown's crew approached Captain Keith Tracy and explained a matter which had been troubling them, a matter that caused them to avoid a certain part of the catwalk at twilight.

"Courtney and Meehan, Sir, they're following the ship. All of us have seen 'em. We see 'em every evening at twilight. They swim after the ship, about eight feet from the rail."

Captain Tracy laughed. He went to see. What he saw caused him to inquire whether anyone on board had a camera. One was found. Next day several exposures were made from the spot where the bodies had been dropped into the sea. The camera was then locked in the ship's safe. When the vessel arrived at port, the film was developed by a photographer who knew nothing of the story, who

Mysteries

gotten *Mysteries*. In the case of the following tales, that is precisely what has happened. Though authentic, each apparently failed to fit what man has established as the only acceptable pattern of credibility.

thought the film contained typical sailor's snapshots.

On one of the negatives was a faint image of two heads. To the last man, the crew of the *Watertown* swore that they recognized the faces—that in any case, they had all stood on the catwalk in the twilight. And they had seen what they had seen.



SAYING she "knew" that she would never sleep in her bed again, Rose Pugliese, 15, spent the night of February 1, 1941, in a chair in the living room. The following day flames of unknown origin broke out in the girl's bedroom.

The interior of the Pugliese home was entirely gutted by the fire, the bed in which the girl slept being reduced to ashes. Rose said she often had feelings which came true, wished she had paid more attention to this one. "If I had," she declared, "I could have saved my new clothes."

Just a simple little story indicating a supernormal sense—a story like

thousands of others, unimportant, except in their *cumulative effect*. And doomed, in any case, to the land of the forgotten.



AS THE first World War was coming to its weary end, a progressive Justice of the Peace at Cheriton, England, decided to have an air raid shelter dug.

But the dugout was never used—and unless the *Force* has either been accounted for, or has departed, people will still prefer the bomb rocked surface of the earth to that accursed dugout.

The *Force* began by throwing sand at workmen excavating the dugout. Next it hurled good sized rocks. Later it howled, shrieked, pounded on the door, and finally pulled stones from the walls and laid them in piles on the floor.

Justice of the Peace Jaques said that the devil himself was loose in the dugout. The municipal electrician declared that the *Force* was super-normal. A Canadian soldier went at night into the dugout and came out screaming with terror. In all, seven reliable persons investigated the dugout — each declaring the phenomenon inexplicable. In February of 1918, when the file of the forgotten closed the case, the *Force* was still inexplicable.

A dugout may protect you from sudden death . . . but . . .

—R. DeWITT MILLER

**\$20,000,000 GOES WITH THE CORRECT
ANSWER TO THE QUESTION LEFT
BY HENRIETTA SCHAEFER GARRETT**



The Philadelphia Gold Rush

by MORLEY CASSIDY

FOR about eighty-one years, Henrietta Schaefer Garrett caused this world practically no trouble at all.

She entered it so quietly that Philadelphia's Bureau of Statistics can't swear, to this day, that she was ever born. She left it—an apple-cheeked little woman who did her hair like Queen Victoria's—the same way.

But as a trouble-maker, let no one sell Henrietta short! When she died, a slip of paper was found in her top left-hand bureau drawer, headed "A Request." On it, in effect, Henrietta asked the world: "What would you do for \$17,549,642.58?"

And now, for ten years, the answers have been coming—25,563 of them, from men, women and children in forty-eight states and twenty-nine foreign countries.

And what would they do for \$17,549,642.58? Well—

One man has murdered his aunt and uncle. Two have left their wives. Two have forged official records and gone to jail. Hundreds have committed perjury. Six combined forgery with perjury, and are on their way to prison.

One group of "heirs" has torn up 150 feet of concrete highway, looking for buried tombstones. Another has opened Henrietta's grave. Another has broken into an ancient church in Bavaria and stolen records. And respectable citizens by the dozens have taken the witness stand to bastardize themselves, their parents, and poor old Henrietta.

Even governments will get into the ring for \$17,549,642.58. The State of Pennsylvania is in there

swinging with the best of them. Adolph Hitler has been accused of backing a German entry.

So Henrietta is getting her answers.

HER STORY is really a very simple one, according to witnesses. She was plain Henrietta Edwardinia Schaefer, born in Philadelphia, November 25, 1849. Her parents were Christopher Schaefer (with one "f"), an honest German cabinetmaker who came to America before 1838, and his wife Henrietta Kretschmar, also German-born. The second Henrietta had one brother, John C. Schaefer.

And as she was scrubbing the front steps one day in 1872 (the evidence shows) Walter Garrett saw her, fell in love with her rosy cheeks, and married her on September 9, 1872. They lived happily, though childless, until his death in 1895. Her brother John lived next door, on a fashionable part of Ninth Street, until he too died in 1915. Thereafter Henrietta lived almost as a recluse, with two servants, until her death on November 16, 1930.

Simple enough, isn't it? So it seemed, until the Orphans' Court audit revealed her \$17,549,652.58. Then the fight was on!

Letters, telegrams and cables

flew to Schaefers, Scheffers, Shafers and Schauffers in all states, and to Germany, Russia, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, India, Australia and a score of other lands. Word went to Kretschmars, and to all the Schaefer and Kretschmar kin.

Letters came back, hiring lawyers and genealogists. (At the last count the "heirs" had hired 500 in Philadelphia, 2,400 elsewhere.)

And what lawyers and genealogists found out would have curled Henrietta's sparse gray hair! Everything about her, it was quickly discovered, was a mystery.

Her birth had never been recorded. Her father's arrival in this country could not be proved. Moreover, ancient records revealed that John C. Schaefer wasn't Henrietta's only brother. There was a brother Edward and a sister Emma, both of whom died in infancy—or did they?

"Heirs," by this time, were springing up in clumps. The Harter-Karchner Clan Association, with 233 dues-paying Schaefer kin, blossomed in Central Pennsylvania. A Schaefer Verein was formed in Southern Bavaria, and agreements drawn up splitting the millions in 600 parts. A Conservative Brethren pastor lined up a "Wallace Syndicate" in Virginia. A

rival Virginia pastor found an old church birthbook with the entry "Christo. Giaver," and genealogists swore that "Giaver" was phonetic German for "Shaver" or "Shafer"; so seventy-five more Shafers filed claims.

But all this wasn't enough. There was Henrietta's will. Poor Henrietta! She couldn't even get herself born properly, so how could she make a will?

But she tried, apparently, in the form of a letter to Charles S. Starr, her broker and financial adviser, who found it in her bureau after her death. Headed "A Request," it was dated June 2 1921, and began:

"Dear Mr. Starr: Give out my estate and belongings which are named in my book as per the following amounts. Give to Henrietta G. Ferguson, if still living, \$10,000; give to—" and then followed fifteen names and amounts (none of them a Schaefer or a Garrett) and the signature.

Was that a will, or wasn't it? It wasn't witnessed; it named no executors; it disposed of only \$62,500 and said nothing about the other \$17,487,142.58.

Starr said it was very clear; she meant for him to have the balance. Charles E. Garrett, distant cousin of the late Walter, said it

wasn't a will at all—that there was not even one legal heir and that all of the fortune should revert to the State. All, that is, except twenty-five per cent which he claimed as "legal informer."

The State got busy, claimed the money, and named a battling Irishman, Thomas J. Minnick, to fight for it.

THEN THE FUN really started. It was advertised that hearings would be held. The notice had to appear in twelve languages, in twenty-nine countries, and hundreds of counties in forty-eight states.

That brought them in! Ten thousand new claims poured in in four months. A German Schaefer wrote in for a small advance so he could start a pig farm. One of the New Jersey Schaefers got amnesia and disappeared for three weeks. A city clerk in Kassel, Germany, forged papers to give himself a leg on the estate, got caught, and went to jail. In Ulm, Germany, Peter Schaefer quarreled with an uncle and aunt over the way they would split the money; and settled it neatly by shooting his aunt, killing his uncle, and committing suicide.

Hearings began in a club ballroom on January 11, 1937. They are still going on. So far, 1,729

claims have been heard — and 8,000 new ones have been filed.

Witnesses have filled 129 three-hundred-page books with testimony, and filed (so far) 1,846 exhibits, ranging from family Bibles and picture albums to broken penknives and cherrywood sewing cabinets.

Some of their testimony seems fantastic. Maybe it is, maybe not. Whole family trees, going back to 1684, may hang on the shape of an eyebrow.

Eighteen heirs spent an afternoon trying to prove that a certain Frederick Kretschmar was playing first base for Bucks County in 1900. A very sound-looking claim hangs on the point.

Pictures trip up many. The Court has eighty-four family pictures, some identified, from Mrs. Garrett's home. Minnick has fun watching loving nephews try to spot the Uncle Jacob or Aunt Lizzie they knew so well.

One dear old lady was the "favorite niece" of Mrs. Garrett. She visited her often, knew Walter Garrett well.

"Which arm had he lost?" asked Minnick.

"The left one," said the dear old lady, and bang went \$17,549,642.58. Walter Garrett, of course, had two arms.

Twice it has seemed that the heir was found.

Isaac Newton Shaeffer, well-to-do merchant of Newark, Delaware, announced in 1938 that he was the illegitimate son of Henrietta Schaefer Garrett. His octogenarian mother, Mrs. Ellen Jane Palmer Shaeffer, backed him up. She was Henrietta's sister, she said; and when Henrietta, a few months before her marriage to Walter Garrett, had a baby, she reared him as her own.

Baptismal records from the Methodist Church at Bird-in-Hand, Pennsylvania, confirmed the story. So did family Bibles in English and German, and a half-dozen account books. And then Minnick spotted a flaw.

The most important note regarding Isaac, written in an old harness catalog, was claimed to have been dated 1895. However, on a back page, Minnick found a printed line under the picture of a set of harness. It said: "This is our best seller for 1905."

The plot began to sag, and ultra-violet rays, revealing forgeries in the Bibles and church records, flattened it completely. Isaac, with five of his kinfolk, was recently convicted of conspiracy to defraud.

"Cousin Billy" Kretschmar of

Lebanon, Pennsylvania, tossed in another bomb. This was a new-found will splitting Henrietta's millions six ways, with "one-sixth to you, dear Cousin Billy." But Cousin Billy died, the "will" was denounced as a forgery, the attorneys in the case withdrew abruptly, and the bomb fizzled.

There will be more, though, as 23,814 claims are still unheard. Minnick, fighting hard to disprove all 25,543 claims is undaunted. Chances are excellent, he thinks, that the State will defeat every one of them.

Lawyers think Minnick has an ace up his sleeve. He has questioned witnesses closely as to the resemblance between Henrietta and her brother, John C. Schaefer. Some have said the resemblance was slight, and rail-birds think Minnick will contend that Henrietta was a foundling.

Minnick half-confirms this. "Her parentage has not yet been established," he says grimly.

Meanwhile the estate is growing at the rate of \$1,100 a day. Already it has swelled past the 20,000,000 mark and ranks as the most widely-contested estate in American legal history, by miles.

But there is hope that the estate will eventually be unscrambled. Two fragments of absolute truth

have already been uncovered.

One came from a lawyer, Cadmus V. Gordon, Jr., representing Walter Garrett's side of the family, who said in court: "One thing is certain in this case—that Walter Garrett didn't want *any* of us to have his money."

The other came from eighty-one year old "Aunt Lucy," whose testimony had contained a hundred contradictions.

"Now, Aunt Lucy," suggested Minnick in a confidential tone, "wouldn't you lie just a little bit for \$20,000,000?"

Aunt Lucy got confidential right back. "Boy," she said firmly, "I'd lie a lot for less than that."

So, it seems, would many others.

*Morley Cassidy began writing news in Denver, in 1920, and has since battled deadlines in a half-dozen cities from Tucson, Ariz., to New York City. His short stories have appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* and elsewhere, and he was co-author of the scenario from which was made the motion picture *On Such a Night*. He is now on the staff of a Philadelphia newspaper.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

HEIRS TO YOUR MONEY
AND HOW TO PROTECT THEM

by Nathaniel Fishman \$1.50
Liveright Publ. Corp., New York

YOUR WILL AND WHAT NOT
TO DO ABOUT IT

by Rene A. Wormser \$2.00
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

PRACTICAL PROBLEMS IN THE
PREPARATION OF WILLS

by Caleb A. Harding \$1.00
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

THOUGH I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled lighthouse relief ship. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks, in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country, and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debate ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in



DAVIDSON COMPANY BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS

which to eat and sleep.

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you. Yet there is more work for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old.

However long time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death, only a queer elation. I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us, they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and know men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you, but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.



An Airman's Letter to His Mother

DURING the first great war, through the lips of Siegfried Sassoon, Rupert Brooke and Robert Graves, the fighting man found his voice in poetry; and a noble voice it was. Now, out of this present, more horrible war, at least one fighting man has spoken, perhaps in even broader and more resounding tones than theirs. The fact that he speaks in prose, that his expression is in the form of a letter, lends this document of courage and conviction a simplicity which far transcends more complicated forms of writing. The letter, presented herewith, was written by a young R. A. F. pilot to his mother, to whom it was to be delivered only on his death. It was found among the young airman's effects by his commanding officer, after he was killed in action. Since its publication in the *London Times*, it has gradually aroused tremendous interest throughout the English-speaking world. For here is not a statesman, speaking to the world, but a fighting man revealing his thoughts in the hush of the utmost intimacy. It is the voice of a man speaking secretly to his mother, after he has gone to face his Maker. The unsailing spirit, strength, and shining courage of all youth are reflected in this last testament of a young pilot who so willingly laid down his life for his country. Every son of military age and all mothers and fathers of such sons will do well to read it—for in its nobility and clarity of thought it may well live on among the great utterances of recorded time.

The easiest way to understand animal behavior is to rule out the cases which are hard to understand. However, that method of scientific and intellectual progress leaves no place for certain stories, even though authentic — some of which are repeated on these two pages.

Not of Our Species

REASON is the faculty of creative thought, of appreciating cause and effect. It is the exclusive property of the human race.

A small grey squirrel, owned by George F. Morse, former director of the Boston Zoological Park, had the run of the house. A bowl of peanuts was kept on the mantel. The squirrel could not reach the nuts—until the day when a high backed chair was left in front of the fireplace.

Scampering up the back of the chair, the squirrel jumped to the mantel, reached the bowl, selected a nut, climbed back down the chair and hid his prize under the rug. After four similar trips, the squirrel suddenly stopped beside the bowl and sat

a minute thinking. Then he selected a nut, went to the edge of the mantel and dropped it off.

In this way he emptied the bowl, later picking up the peanuts and hiding them. He had eliminated the long and dangerous jump to the mantel.

Yes, reason is the faculty of creative thought. But is it the exclusive property of the human race?



TIME AND WAR, depression and disaster, have buried deeply the case of "Lola," the dog with the mind that functioned like a human being's.

Lola, an airedale, was born at Mannheim, Germany, on January 27, 1914. Her teacher, Fraulein Henny Kindermann, after two years of patient work, claimed the following results. Lola—tapping out numbers and letters with her paw—could add, divide, subtract and multiply. She could answer intelligently any simple question, whether put by her mistress or a stranger.

She knew the days of the week, the months of the year. She understood and could use appropriately such abstract terms as "love," "hate," "fear," "hope," etc. She knew that Germany was at war with other countries.

Unbelievable as the whole tale sounds, Lola was investigated by psychologist Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa, Professor Kraemer of Hohenheim and Professor H. E. Ziegler of Stuttgart, all three reliable, highly educated men. Each certified that the claims for Lola were valid.

But the disintegration of Germany during the last terrible months of the war snapped the threads of investigation, and it remains one of the strangest records of the doings of a creature, not of our species.

furtively around and disappear. A moment later the rodent returned, leading another rat by the ear. The second rat was obviously blind.

Soon a third rat joined the others, and the two normal rats worked busily, collecting pieces of biscuit and placing them before their blind companion.

We call certain men "rats." Perhaps rats call certain rats "men."



Two horses, plowing on Perreton farm, Isle of Wight, were observed by Mrs. R. H. Taylor, owner of the farm, to shy away from a certain spot. Although there was nothing in any way unusual about that particular bit of earth, the animals stubbornly refused to plow across it, no matter how persistently urged.

Then Mrs. Taylor remembered that an unexploded anti-aircraft shell had been lost in the field. She called military authorities. Under the spot which the horses would not cross, the live shell was found.

Strange that animals, rather than man, should develop a sixth sense to help them through the horrors of the war which followed the twenty-five years' armistice.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



ONE EVENING in 1757, while Mr. Purdew, surgeon's mate on board the *Lancaster*, was lying awake in his bunk, he saw a rat enter the cabin, glance

**FOUND: A SYSTEM TO HELP MOTORISTS
DISTINGUISH BETWEEN A HITCHHIKING
COLLEGE BOY AND A HIJACKING HOBO**



Thumbs Across the Continent

by LORING A. SCHULER

A TALL, enterprising Texas ranch boy, Keyes F. Carson, Jr., has discovered and shared with other college lads a sure-fire technique which enables them to wangle rides in strangers' cars.

Equipped with winning courtesy and an ingenious patented device, the members of Carson's "travel club" have overcome the average tourist's suspicion of thumbs waved at him from the roadside. Through his mastery of the art of hitchhiking, Carson has paid most of his way through Tex- as A. & M.

Eager to get home but seldom able to pay train fare, Carson figured that he would have an edge on the mounting competition of highway thumbers if he could advertise his college status, prove his identity and be of service to drivers who picked him up.

Finally he found the solution. It was in two parts. The first consisted of a square foot of polished aluminum, embossed with the college initials. Clearly visible from afar by day, it catches the glare of approaching headlights by night, like a road reflector sign. Attached to the side of a suitcase, the sign proclaims at once that a student wants a lift.

Part two is a booklet, the student member's passport. On the front cover are his photograph and signature. Inside is pasted a memorandum from his college office, stamped with the college seal, attesting that he is a student in good standing. The rest of the booklet is made up of perforated sheets of cards. As soon as he gets into a stranger's car, a member of Carson's club presents these credentials and signs one of the per-

forated cards, which reads: "I herewith release you of any and all liability due to my having been a passenger in your automobile." Signed with the student's name and address, this becomes a legal document and makes an instant hit with motorists.

The club caught on immediately. There are now two thousand members in various Texas colleges, and the number grows each month. No co-eds are admitted. Each club member pays one dollar. That gives him a reflector sign and an identification booklet. Carson's profit is fifteen cents.

Recognizing that the motorist is being asked to do a favor, Carson has set up this code of "ethics" for all club members:

"Always stand beyond a traffic light, so the driver will not be delayed if he stops to pick you up. Assist the driver in all cases of motor trouble, and always do more than your part. Help to change a tire in case of puncture. Go get gasoline if the tank runs dry. Refrain from being an expense to the driver. Be courteous, attentive and considerate. Before smoking, ask the driver's permission and smoke only your own cigarettes. Invite the driver to visit your college. If he seems so inclined, carry on an interesting conversation."

Hitchhiking is outlawed in twenty-one states. It is frowned upon by the National Safety Council and the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety. Too often hitchhikers stand in the road to attract attention. The friendly driver who stops suddenly is an accident hazard, as is the unfriendly driver who swerves out to avoid them.

So Carson's club members must stand in line at a specified place on the edge of town. First come, first ride, and no fair straggling down the road for a mile to beat out the rest. So well recognized is Carson's club in Texas that benches for waiting thumbers have been put along the highways.

SO FAR, the club is operating only in Southwestern colleges. Carson hasn't had the time or capital to extend it further, although he did set up a new branch when he hitchhiked to the coast last fall to see the Aggie football team play U.C.L.A. The Southern California boys were well sold by his demonstration of time-table control in highwaying.

When the team took train at College Station, Carson was in the student throng that cheered them. His suitcase was already packed, and ten minutes later he was out

along the highway, with his thumb pointing west. He beat the train to San Antonio; was waiting on the platform when it pulled into El Paso; greeted the players when they paused at Tucson; and stood in the forefront of the reception committee when the squad finally reached Los Angeles.

WHEN HE takes to the highway, Carson's equipment is compact but complete. He attaches a red and white reflector sign to his suitcase, but before flashing it he examines each oncoming car through his miniature telescope. This tells him what state the car is from, and, therefore, how long or short the ride may be; it reveals make and age, about which Carson is choosy; and it shows whether there is a vacant seat for him.

At one end of his suitcase he packs a small radio, with holes cut through the sides of the bag so he can twiddle the controls. Also in the suitcase, and workable from the outside, is a home-made strip map of whatever route he's following. "That gives me another chance to help the driver," he says. "I can figure distances and tell him what towns he is approaching. Sometimes, too, I can suggest short-cuts."

In one summer month of 1940,

Carson covered 12,500 miles, taking in the expositions at New York and San Francisco and five state fairs on the way. Newspaper editors in New York had challenged his prediction that he'd hitchhike all the way across the continent in five days. But he made them eat their words, proving his fast progress — four days flat from coast to coast—by sending them streetcar transfers punched for the date and hour that he stopped in various cities. He spent less than five dollars on the whole journey.

"The best time to get long rides is always at night," he declares. "People who are traveling then are in a hurry and likely to be going far. For a really long jump, the best bet is a person going to a funeral in a distant city."

Doctors, lawyers, bankers, ranchers and news photographers are the best to ride with, Carson thinks. Generally they are definitely going somewhere, "and they are interesting conversationalists." He avoids women if he can. "They are more reckless drivers than men and more expensive, too, because I feel that I must pay for their meals if we stop."

He keeps a careful record of each ride—the driver's name, age and business, the car model and license number, the time he was

picked up and the time he got out, distance traveled, average speed and exactly what he and the driver talked about. He has tabulated every ride he's caught for four years.

This careful record turned out to the disadvantage of one motorist who picked Carson up in a small Texas city. "He seemed all right when I got in with him," Carson told me. "But when I got out my little book of license registrations and identified his number as one from West Texas, he got excited and let me out. Next day I heard that a bank had been robbed in that town, so I put two and two together and told the police. My record helped to send him to prison."

Carson doesn't hitchhike for the fun of it alone. On long trips he sells articles to newspapers, based on his own surveys and interviews.

He looks upon himself as a roving reporter, counting his pay in cash, fun and experience in meeting people.

When he gets his degree next June he may expand the travel club and make it truly national. Or he may take one of the half dozen jobs offered by men who have picked him up and liked his looks, his energy, his ingenuity. In any event, Carson plans to give up highwaying when his undergraduate days are finished.

"After I am out of college it will be my turn to help other young fellows, just the way I have been helped," he says. At twenty-four, the champion is getting ready to retire.

California, the mecca of almost all hitch-hikers, is Loring Schuler's home. Born in Massachusetts, young Schuler went, in 1910, from Harvard into newspaper reporting and served on the Boston Herald and the New York World. He has been editor of Country Gentleman and the Ladies' Home Journal.

Business as Usual

IN THE famous cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris, the following inscription appeared on a tombstone:

"Here lies the Body of
Pierre Cabochard,
Grocer.

His inconsolable Widow
Dedicates this Monument to his
Memory,
And continues the same business
At the old Stand:
167 Rue Mouffetard."
—L. C. TIHANY

**SPRINGTIME FOR HORTON HAS BEEN ONE
LONG SERIES OF THE "DELAYED REACTIONS"
WITH WHICH HE IS CLOSELY IDENTIFIED**



Life Is Just a Double-Take

by EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

ALTHOUGH I didn't originate the "double-take" (Hollywoodese for delayed reaction), I've done my best through a lifetime of acting to demonstrate it.

When I finally yielded to a ten-year-old urge to get back on the stage and do my "double-takes" before a live audience, instead of before the motion-picture camera, I rather hoped life would flow smoothly along, with all "takes" taken from behind the footlights. But I was in error—that is, well, as a matter of fact—well—I was in error . . .

To get some idea of the reaction of an audience to me in person, I accepted an invitation to be Grand Marshal of the Portland (Oregon) Rose Festival. This would be the acid test—this would prove my ability to appear before the multitudes and amuse them.

Everything went perfectly. The crowning of the Queen, a lovely lass, took place of an evening in a colossal stadium. We celebrities—the Mayor, the crown prince, the princesses, the ladies of honor—formed a magnificent procession, led by her Majesty, the Queen. In our finest evening clothes we strutted across that field, favoring the thousands with our most courtly smiles and bows, as the bands played *Pomp and Circumstance*. We achieved something of what King Louis XVI must have felt—just before he lost his head.

As we entered the other side of the stadium, up an incline to the throne, I noticed a little urchin standing by the incline, leaning on it and gazing upwards at us. Thinking regally that I'd favor this particular subject with special

notice, I bowed slightly and smiled paternally.

His mouth opened. I preened myself for the "Huzza!" that I knew must be coming.

He said, "Ah, poo!"

That was my first unrehearsed double-take in years. Only after sleepless nights of bitter struggle did I decide that a Horton could not be downed by a "poo!"

At New Hope, where the summer tour of *Springtime for Henry* opened, I got myself into hot water again. The photographers had assembled the cast for publicity shots. A little boy ran into the group every few moments, and retreated. Thinking that he wanted an autograph but was too bashful to ask, I thought I'd help. The next time he came near, I asked him, "Hello, sonny, do you want an autograph?"

For an awful moment he didn't answer. What if he said "No!"?

But finally he spoke. "I don't mind."

"Have you got a piece of paper to write on?" I asked.

"No."

"Have you got a pencil?"

"No."

"Well, then, you stay right here." And I scurried around borrowing a pencil here and a piece of paper there. After all, I thought,

he hadn't asked me—I had asked him.

After I had written the autograph, I handed it to him and asked, "If you wanted an autograph, sonny, why didn't you ask for it?"

With utter gravity he answered, "I would have, Mister, but I didn't know you could write!"

Two months later, I did a triple-take when I found out a member of the cast had planned the whole thing.

THE SUMMER proved so much fun and so profitable that we decided to continue the tour through the winter and spring. In the middle of October we opened in Baltimore, Maryland, where I had attended Baltimore City College. By coincidence, our opening occurred during the week of the college's centennial, and I was asked to speak to the student body for a few moments.

The faculty sat in a solid body behind me on the platform, and as I talked on and on, I noticed that their laughter grew weaker and that of the students stronger. Realizing I was speaking at some length, I paused to ask the audience, "Do you like this? Should I stop?"

I was answered by a wave of

applause. This was great — this was my public, hanging on every word, responding to every inflection of my voice.

As the polite coughs from the faculty became louder, I finally brought my talk to an end. The faculty escorted me through the center aisle of the auditorium, and I was pleased with the smiles on every face. But one young fellow was positively glum.

I stopped before him. "What's the matter, didn't you like my talk?"

"Oh, it was all right, but if you had talked another five minutes, I'd have missed my geology class!"

Double-take and fade-away for me!

One day while reading in my drawing room on one of the train jumps, I looked up to find a blonde, curly-haired little girl of about four in the doorway.

"Hello," I said.

"Lo."

"What's your name?"

"Betty. I know who oo is . . . oo is Mister Horton, ain't oo?"

"Yes, I am, Betty."

"I fink oo're funny."

I expanded visibly, I'm sure. "Oh, do you? Do you indeed? Well, well, isn't that nice . . . ?"

"I love oo," she said.

"Well, well," I well-welled.

"And why do you tell me that?"

"Momm'y told me to."

And another take!

AFTER WE had toured the Atlantic Seaboard, Cuba and Florida, we worked our way through the South. Everywhere I had gone, offstage I mean, people laughed at me; no one would take me seriously. My very good friend, Silliman Evans, of the Tennessean, met me at the train, and I was complaining about that very thing.

"Come, now, Ed," he chided me, "people never laugh at you unless you want them to."

"No?" I snorted. "Watch this."

We were approaching two middle-aged matrons. As we neared them, with utter gravity, I tipped my hat to them with a slight bow.

"Oh, Elizabeth!" one giggled.

"Look! Edward Everett Horton!"

The other replied, "Isn't he a scream, though!"

Their giggles followed our retreat. And that's what I mean.

But the champion deflator of the whole tour was a young fellow in his early twenties whom I hired in North Carolina to drive me from my hotel in Greensboro to Winston-Salem for the performance. A talkative chap, he was deeply impressed by the play,

which was the first one he had ever seen with "reg'lar professionals." He was a movie fan, however, and since I have played in around two hundred motion pictures in my twenty odd years in the industry, I was anxious to get his reaction to my film characterizations. I decided to wait to ask, however, until he had exhausted his superlatives about *Springtime for Henry*. He thought everyone in the cast was perfect, and he complimented me extravagantly on my own performance.

"Gee, Mister Horton," he said, "you sure are a swell actor. Best

I ever seen—and I ain't kiddin'."

I nodded depreciatingly, "Oh, well, now, that's awfully nice of you but . . ."

"Yes, sir, I mean it! Gee, you sure can act, Mr. Horton! Did you ever think about goin' into the movies?"

*Edward Everett Horton, who began his career as a chorus boy in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, made his bow in motion pictures in 1921. Until he finally settled down in the movie colony in 1928, when asked to play in *The Terror*, the industry's second talkie, Horton was constantly advised by movie moguls to stick to the stage. As this invariably was followed by another screen offer, he lived in a state of constant vacillation. This accounts, he thinks, for the look of startled indecision for which he has become famous.*

Too Many Mothers

ONCE Lincoln had to attend a meeting held in the building of the Springfield insane asylum. On his way to the assembly room he met one of the inmates, who stopped him with the words: "Why don't you salute me?" "Why should I salute you?" asked Lincoln. "Because I am Julius Caesar!" said the man. "Oh, that's different," answered Lincoln, "glad to meet you, Julius!"

When the meeting was over, Lincoln met the same man again on his way out of the asy-

lum. He was stopped for a second time with the words: "Why do you not salute me?" Lincoln repeated his earlier question: "Why should I salute you?" "Because I am Napoleon Bonaparte!" exclaimed the man. "Napoleon Bonaparte? Why you were Julius Caesar when I met you this morning!" exclaimed Lincoln, rather taken aback. "Sure," muttered the man, "but that was by my other mother! I had two mothers, see?"

—CHARLES DERRICOTT

Almost anyone welcomes a good, money-making idea. Most of us spend the better part of our lives searching for one; yet most of us are too far-sighted. Here are two people who found success a great deal closer to home than most of us would ever think it might be.

There's Money in It

ONE OF AMERICA's strangest businesses is John Towns's money-making scheme. He happened on to it one day while watching the janitor of a building cart away ashes from the incinerator. A number of dentists had offices in the building. An idea came to Towns.

"Will you give me a sample of those ashes?" he asked.

When it had been assayed, the sample showed enough gold to make a ton average \$140 worth of gold. Dentists had dropped the tiny particles which were swept up. Towns contracted to buy the sweepings from this building in San Antonio, Texas. He rapidly expanded his purchases until he now buys sweepings from medical office buildings in thirty states. He receives about ten tons of ashes and sweepings a month. Assays run from \$100 to \$2,000 a ton. Refuse from one Dallas building yields \$700 to the ton. Yet the famed Juneau mine of Alaska operates successfully with an assay of only fifty cents worth

of gold per ton. This is a shining example of the opportunities that lie buried or go to waste all about us while we bemoan the elusiveness of fortune.



ODD AS THEY come is Mary Pfeifer's way of making money. She collects spider web for a Hoboken firm that manufactures high-precision instruments.

The web, which is about half the thickness of the finest line that can be scratched on glass, is used across the eye-pieces of such instruments as bomb sights and surveyor's transits. Miss Pfeifer winds on wooden reels and stores away the (approximately) 20 feet of web she extracts from each spider. She does this by tossing the unsuspecting spider from a stick into the air, whereupon he hastily spins the gossamer for her crop. Boys supply the spiders, getting 15 cents each.

**QUICK TO RECOGNIZE THE DANGER OF
THE DICTATORSHIPS, AMERICA IS SLOW
TO STEM THE FLOW OF GOLD TO THEM**



How the U. S. Aids the Axis

by MICHAEL EVANS

ADOLF HITLER sneers sarcastically at the "degenerate" democracies and well he may. All our talk is of aid to Britain. We have offered the brimming dipper of American industrial production to the thirsty lips of an England fighting for her life.

But our dipper leaks, and a hundred spurting streams gush to the aid of the dictators—to Hitler, to the Mikado's bewitched little militarists, to Mussolini and to the cryptic Stalin.

Let's look at these leaks that honeycomb America's defense mobilization. Some exist because no one has thought to plug them. Others can never be plugged completely, unless we enter the war as a full belligerent.

Do you remember Gen. Charles de Gaulle's fiasco at Dakar last September? There was a lot of

mystery at the time, but now it is known that part of the stake for which De Gaulle gambled was a billion dollars or more in gold, stored in special vaults completed by the French only after the war's outbreak. De Gaulle wanted to get that gold before Hitler did. But he failed.

And here's where we enter the picture. Early in the New Deal, the U. S. treasury posted an offer to buy gold from any source at thirty-five dollars an ounce. The offer still stands. Of course, the Treasury would not knowingly buy stolen gold, but gold is the perfect international medium of exchange. Once it has been melted and cast into bars, no test can show whether it came from a vault at Dakar or a mine in the Urals.

If Russia or Japan will obligingly recast those Dakar bars, they

can be shipped to the U. S. treasury, and every ounce will put thirty-five dollars of badly needed dollar exchange into Hitler's pocket. You can't prove it, but some financial experts suspect that very thing has already happened.

The U. S. gold law is a hole in our armor against totalitarianism. It will be hard to close, but Germany's dollar famine makes it most important.

That's why technically neutral United States is a happy hunting ground for Nazi financial tricks. Look in any of the fifty odd German language papers published in the United States. You'll find it filled with ads calling on German readers to buy small food orders to be "shipped" to persons in Germany. Actually, of course, no food is shipped from the United States. The order is just cabled over and delivered from a Nazi storehouse. A messenger boy delivers the goods and gets a signed receipt for the folks back in America. The next day, some say, SS men come around and confiscate the foodstuffs. But that is another matter. From the Nazi standpoint, all that counts is the addition of a few more dollars to German currency reserves.

Sworn reports made to the U. S. State Department show

that some \$1,137,000 was collected last year in the United States for food orders and other German "relief" work. There are three big organizations soliciting Nazi funds here. They are Fortra, Inc., and the Hamburg-Bremen Steamship Agency, Inc., which deal largely in "food orders," and the Kyffhaueser League of German War Veterans. The Kyffhaueser League has headquarters in Philadelphia and also aids Nazi war prisoners in Canada and Jamaica. On the Pacific Coast, the United German Societies of Portland, Oregon, make some small collections.

POSSIBLY the most important and certainly the most obscure phase of U. S. aid to dictators is that which stems from international corporate relationships and patent contracts.

Such a corporate agreement usually means dollars for the Nazi foreign exchange fund. And more important, it means that German military experts have a constant check on what the U. S. army and navy are ordering to improve America's defenses.

We all know how the United States has aided Tokyo's war machine, how we have shipped \$700,000,000 in iron and steel scrap, finished steel, machine tools, gaso-

line, copper and zinc—a tidy catalogue of the basic weapons of total war—to Japan from 1937 to 1940. We know that we've footed a big share of Japan's war bill by buying her silk, but we have the impression that the spigot of war aid to Japan has been closed at least half-way by President Roosevelt's embargoes on aviation gas, iron scrap and machine tools.

What we may not know is that last year we sold Japan more goods than any other countries except Britain, Canada and France, and we bought more goods from her than from any country of the world except Canada. The plain fact is that the United States today is still the foundation stone of totalitarian Japan's economy.

One reason why America today is short of ships to fill Britain's desperate needs is the fact that for six years or more Japan and her scrap agents bought almost every American cargo vessel placed on the auction block, using them for scrap to feed the blazing steel mills of Nippon.

This sort of aid goes on despite table-thumping debate and columns of newspaper editorials.

Actually, no one really knows how many hundred agreements

like that still exist. They were made in pre-war days, because U. S. firms saw a chance to turn an honest dollar. They were legitimate transactions. But war gives a changed aspect to many routine commercial dealings.

These agreements keep bobbing up at critical bottlenecks. There was one in the beryllium industry. Beryllium, discovered only a few years ago, makes amazing light and strong new alloys for airplane parts — altimeters, cowl hinges, feed lines, magneto parts, valve springs, etc. The contract was between the Beryllium Corporation of America and the great electro-chemical firm of Siemens & Halske in Germany. They agreed to exchange all patents, information and techniques and divide sales territory.

The British discovered this agreement shortly before the war broke out. When they found themselves dependent on a German firm for this vital metal they cracked down.

There is an anti-trust case which charges a patent pool, market division, royalty contract existed in the magnesium industry. Magnesium is another light material used in bomb casings, truck parts, fast-moving machine tools, and airplane construction.

The government contends that

Germany got a royalty of one cent a pound on America's production of magnesium, that U. S. magnesium could be sold to Britain only with German approval and that, although U. S. production never amounted to more than a quarter of Germany's, a big share of our output was shipped to the Reich.

The importance of such agreements is obvious. They provide Germany revenue. They provide a day-by-day check on the progress of U. S. technology. They offer a brake which can often be applied to U. S. defense production.

In the last war Germany lost her enormously valuable patents in the United States. They were confiscated and handed over to American firms. That won't happen on a large scale again. Germany has thoughtfully transferred patents to American holders this time. In U. S. hands they can't be touched.

Meantime, the Reich uses the United States as a base of operations from which to direct a far-flung trade and keep alive commercial connections despite the British blockade. Germany even uses American industry and American goods in a fight to keep U. S. business from taking over the pre-war Nazi markets in South America and elsewhere.

In Latin America, German, Italian or Japanese agents represent many U. S. firms. These hostile agents even use advertising appropriations of American products to subsidize totalitarian propaganda sheets in some cases or as a pressure device to force newspapers to take a pro-Axis line. Usually, a government inquiry reports, the American firms have no knowledge that their dollars are being spent to foster anti-American causes south of the Rio Grande.

THIS ONLY scratches the surface of the ways in which the United States contributes to the German war effort. The most direct method, of course, is through American investments and industry located within Germany and the conquered countries. It is hard to underestimate the value of these U. S. holdings to Hitler.

Hitler has within his grasp upwards of \$2,000,000,000 of American capital and property in the Reich and in France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Poland and Scandinavia. Some estimates run much higher, one being that the U. S. has a frozen investment of \$2,000,000,000 in Germany alone.

This stake is in the form of property—great industrial plants like the subsidiaries of General

Motors and Ford which are integrated right into German war production—and investments which Germany freely uses to finance her war. U. S. owners get no return whatever from their holdings except for an illegal trickle over the border.

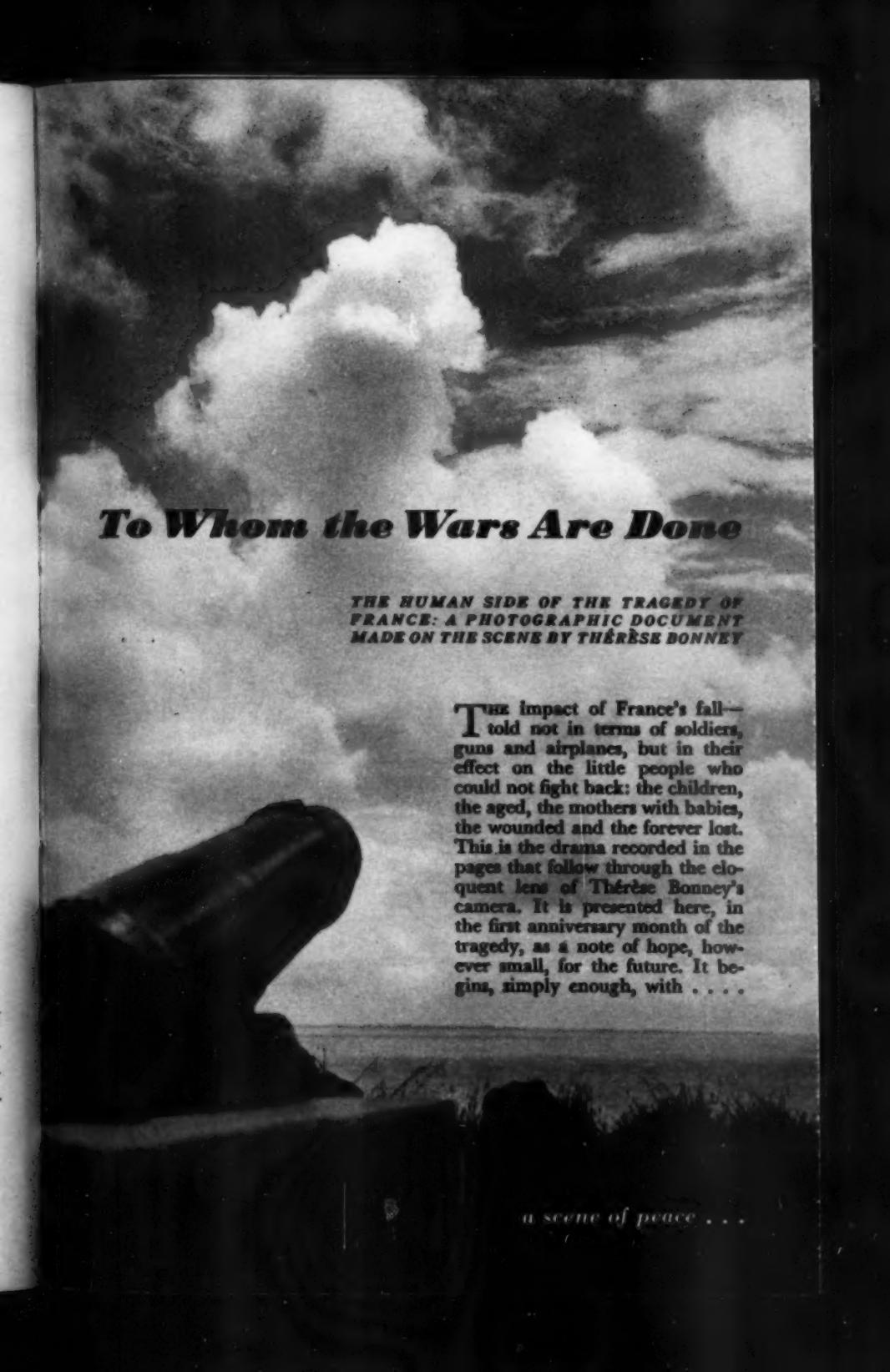
A list of the U. S. firms involved reads like a blue book of American industry. It makes no difference whether these firms like Hitler or not, whether they favor Nazi methods or not. The Germans have their plants and their money. They use both as they please.

The Nazi foreign exchange headache increases the strong suspicion that the Germans have attempted to loot the stock holdings of conquered countries. Evidence is hard to get at. Even special experts of the Federal Reserve and the British Treasury who have made every effort to prevent this form of robbery can't be too sure of the situation. A few facts are known. The conquered countries held about \$1,000,000,000 in U. S. stocks. They had U. S. bank balances of \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. As fast as each country was invaded, the United States "froze" these holdings, prohibiting any transactions without special U. S. Treasury permission. It

is suspected, however, that where the Germans actually laid their hands on stock certificates they have smuggled out some, probably through Switzerland to South America and then up to the United States. Here, it is thought, unknown quantities have been marketed privately with great care and probably at prices below the market. The origin of the securities, of course, would be concealed.

In these and other complex international operations the Nazis find Switzerland a convenient stepping stone to the United States and other more distant neutrals. Six months before the outbreak of war it was authoritatively estimated that at least a third of "Swiss" holdings of U. S. securities and "Swiss" deposits in U. S. banks actually were German, held by Swiss dummies.

The United States was the first democracy to recognize the world menace of the dictators. It may be the last democracy to stem the flow of bright new dollars into totalitarian war chests, to stop selling matchless Yankee machines to anti-democratic armies, to ban from its soil the busy agents of its enemies, to break dictator-devised bottlenecks which constrict American defense production in a score of vital sectors.



To Whom the Wars Are Done

**THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE TRAGEDY OF
FRANCE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC DOCUMENT
MADE ON THE SCENE BY THÉRÈSE BONNEY**

THE impact of France's fall—told not in terms of soldiers, guns and airplanes, but in their effect on the little people who could not fight back: the children, the aged, the mothers with babies, the wounded and the forever lost. This is the drama recorded in the pages that follow through the eloquent lens of Thérèse Bonney's camera. It is presented here, in the first anniversary month of the tragedy, as a note of hope, however small, for the future. It begins, simply enough, with . . .

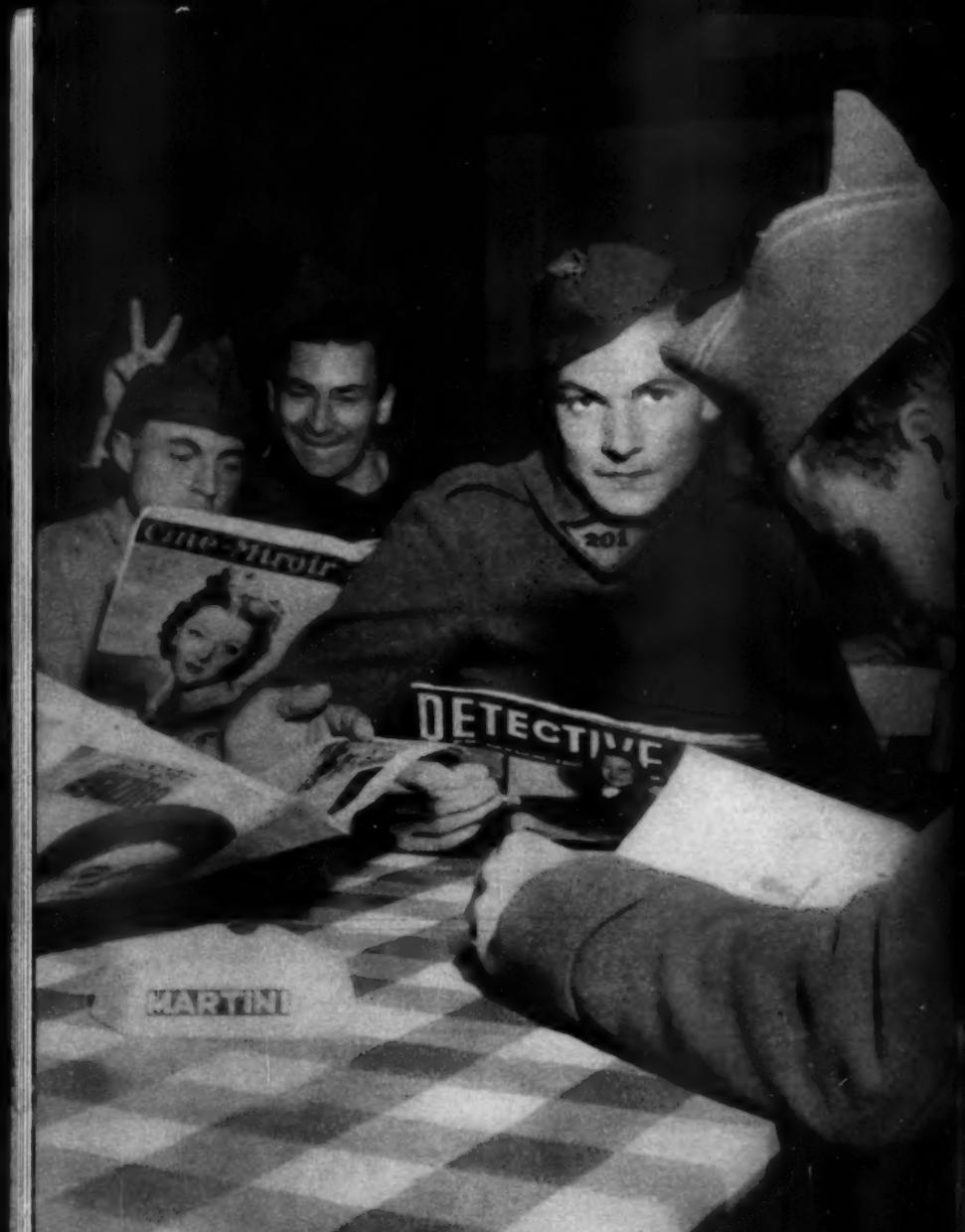
a scene of peace . . .



A Sunday "somewhere in France" . . . last May . . .



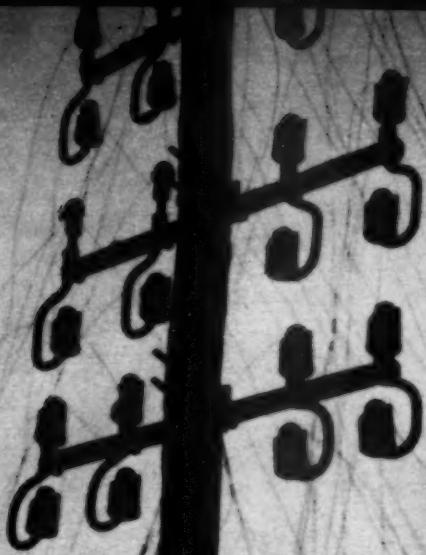
...till hour . . . men and women gossiped . . . talked neutrality.



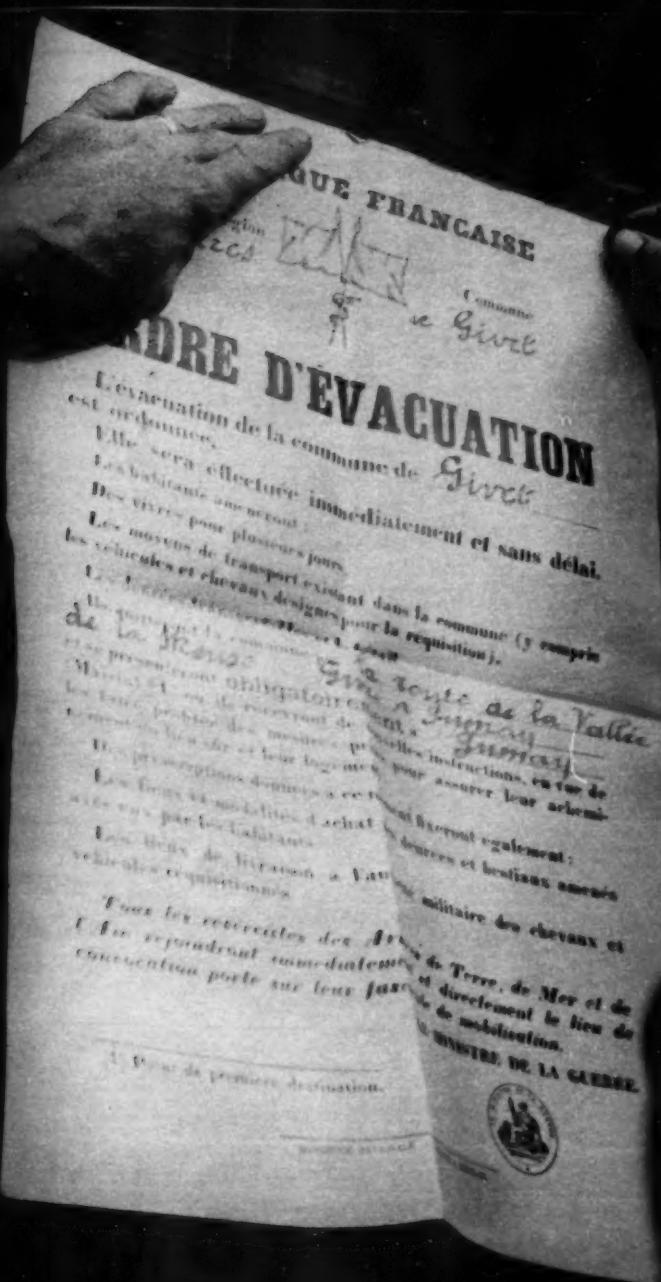
War seemed so far away . . . and almost phoney . . .



soldiers played when home on leave.



Suddenly, May tenth . . . communications disrupted!



"many a village and town there was only an hour to leave."



Hordes of refugees everywhere gathered before the churches

Paul & E. J. Smith

1st Passiu
July 30th

Practus
drum

Paul & E. J. Smith

Practus

drum

Smith Soctumill 1 day
here at 6:45 a.m.

Somme

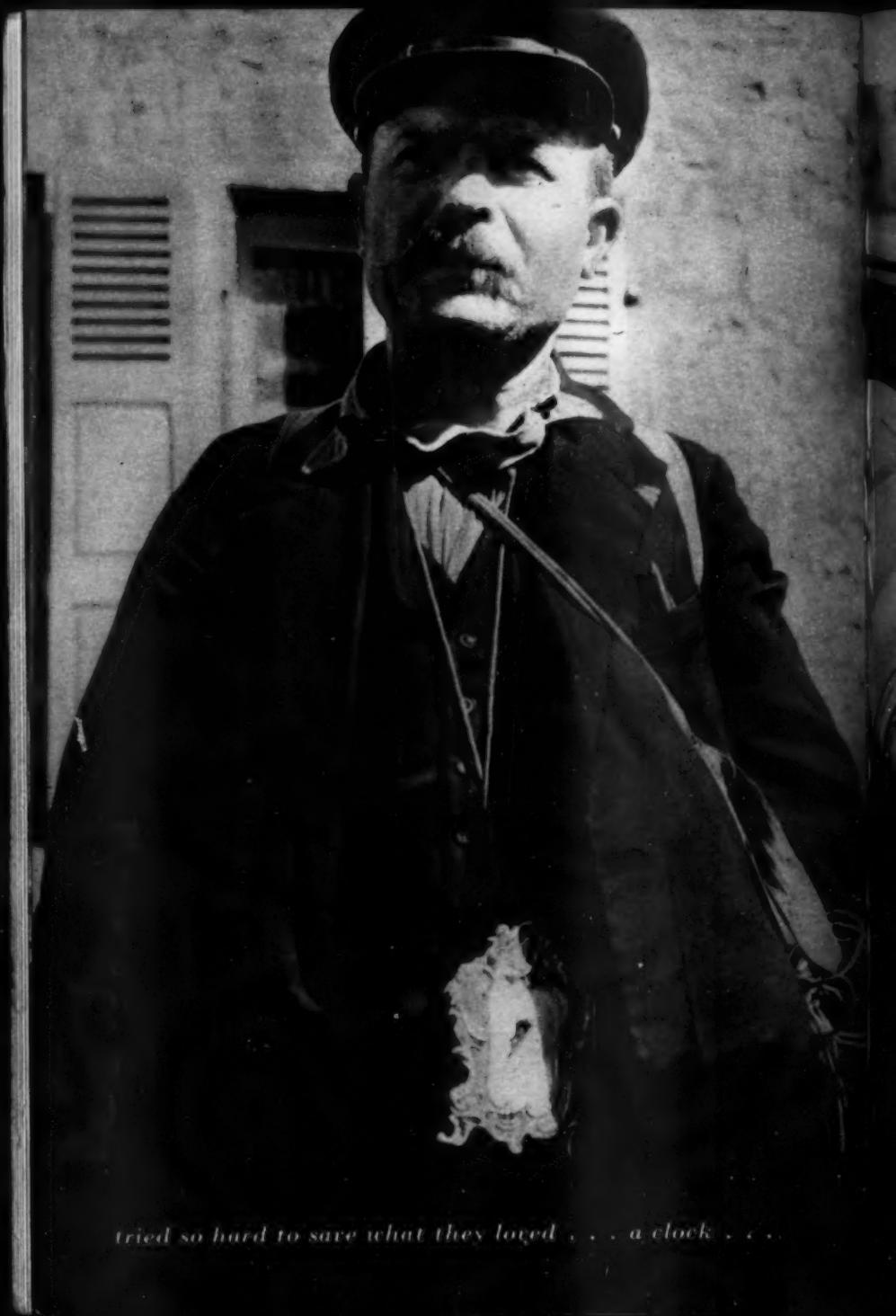
Albert (Crossmane)
Ollard Somme
Postmail

(Mar) fern
Somme
Postmail
1 year

Tea

Report Delam
Le Cambrai
a few days
ago

watched in rain for loved ones lost on the road . . . tried to communicate with each other . . .



tried so hard to save what they loved . . . a clock . . .



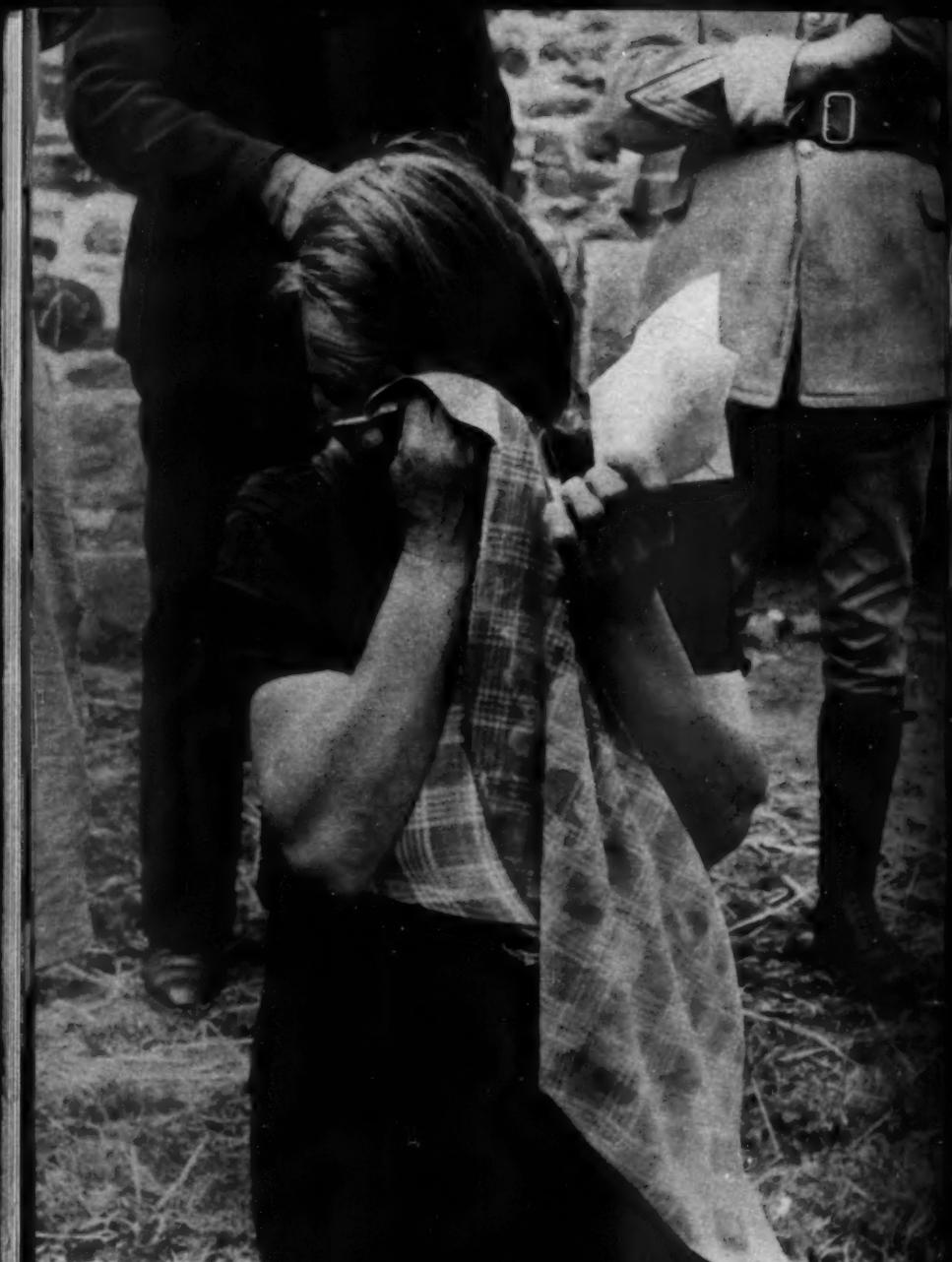
... her doll.



But there was so little one could do . . .



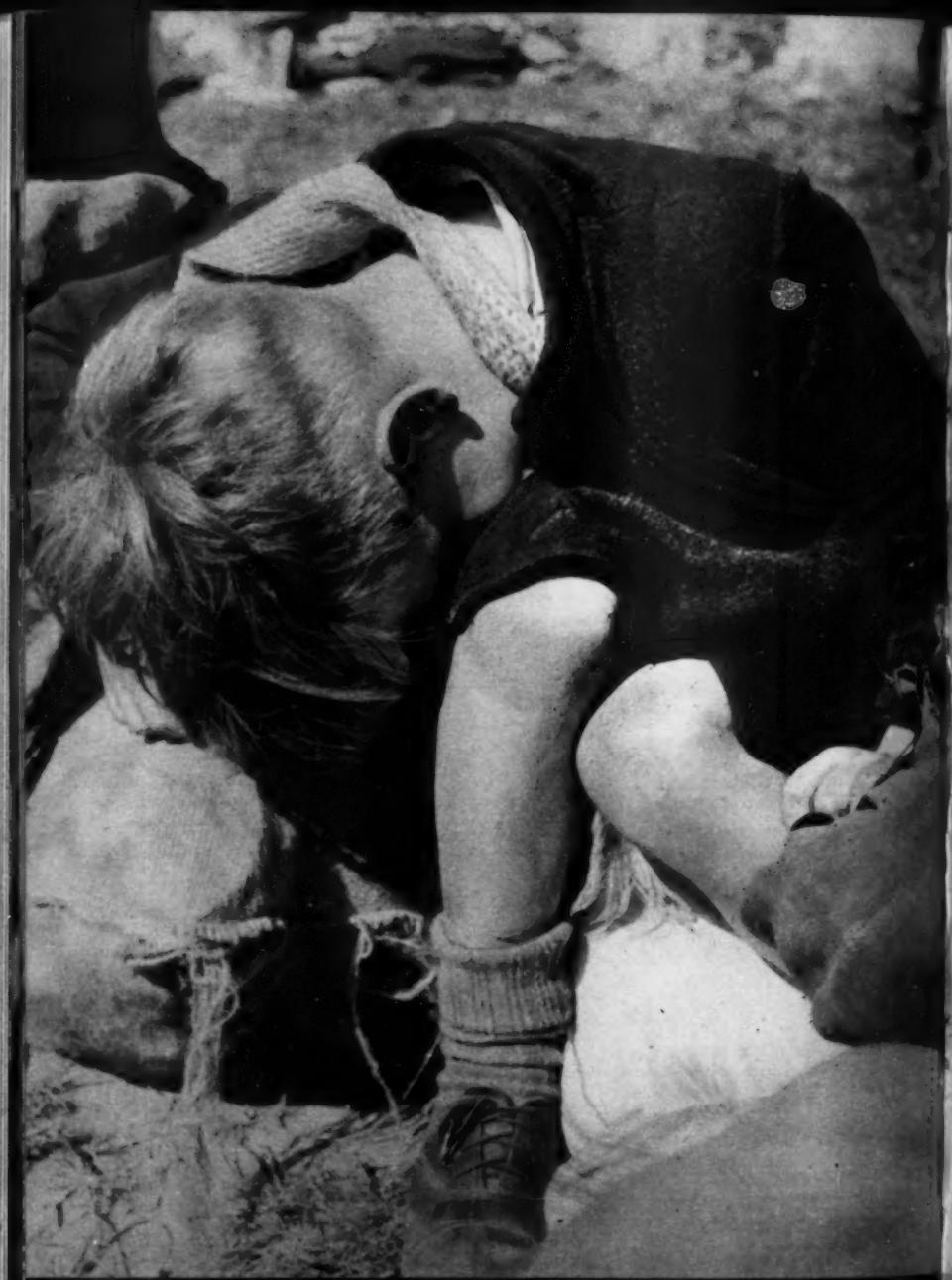
and it was all so bewildering.



Just once in a while someone broke down.



It was impossible to fight back . . .



but, as France wept, the old gave the example to the young to trade

HUNTING QUALIFICATIONS.

Plate 4.



Drawn & Engraved by H. Alken.

GETTING OVER.

London Published Aug. 1st 1829, by R. Ackermann, Jun. 191 Regent Street.

SPORTING SKETCHES

BY HENRY ALKEN (1784-1851)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOEL SPITZ



**FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER GAS WARFARE
WAS INVENTED, MEN STILL DEEMED IT
INHUMAN AND UNWORTHY OF USE IN BATTLE**



Medieval Gas Attack

by KEN W. PURDY

THE year was 1456, and an army of hard-bitten Turks, then as now among the world's toughest fighting men, stood before Belgrade. They had cut and clawed their way up through the Balkans and were battering now at the gateway of Belgrade, key to the vast grainfield that was Hungary. Daily their onslaughts grew fiercer; Belgrade's surrender was but a matter of time.

Hunyadi, Regent of Hungary and commander of the defending forces, knew it, too. He paced the floor in his headquarters on the outskirts of the city and muttered good rolling curses. "A ten years' plague on these heathen!" he growled. "I cannot hold them. A Turk is like a viper: you can cut him in two, and he will still crawl forward and sting you to death!"

The Regent stopped his furious

pacing at the sound of a scuffle outside. Three soldiers had collared a ragged old man and were dragging him out, belaboring him with the flats of their swords.

"Well?" the Regent bellowed, "what do you want of me, old man?"

"Your Excellency," the old man said. "I am Gombas, an alchemist, and I have come to give you my aid in defeating the infidel."

"An alchemist, eh? I have no time for you and your like. Be off, now, or out you go on your head!"

The old man did not move. "I say that I can save Belgrade from the Turk, and I say that if I fail you may tie me to the mouth of one of your cannon and blow me to bits. Will you hear me now?"

Hunyadi gestured impatiently. "For as long as it takes to say a paternoster, I'll hear you, then.

At least you believe in yourself. So out with it; what is your plan?"

"That I will not tell you," Gombas said, "but I will cheerfully show you. And all I ask from you are rags. Old rags. Give me twenty cart-loads of old blankets, cloths, hats—anything—give me a place to work, and I swear to you, on the Blood of the Saviour, I will not leave a live Turk between here and the Straits!"

Hunyadi glared at the man. Then, for some reason, he wavered and snapped an order: "Give him everything he wants."

FOR A WEEK the old alchemist labored. He prepared huge vats of noxious-looking liquors, and as fast as the soldiers brought him cart-loads of tattered rags, he steeped them in his bubbling vats and hung them up to dry. No one was allowed to touch them. At last he came to Hunyadi.

"I am ready now," he said. "Tomorrow the wind will be from the West, blowing straight into the Turkish lines. Put one hundred men under my orders and leave the rest to me."

"It shall be done, my old one," Hunyadi said. "We have nothing to lose now. But pray remember—if you fail, the cannon waits!"

Next morning, in the gray hours

before dawn, Gombas took his little detachment to within musket-shot of the Turkish lines. They wadded the stiff, greasy rags into great bunches and staked them firmly to the ground in a long line. That done, the old alchemist gave his orders and returned to the city.

As dawn was breaking three detachments of cavalry swept out toward the Turks. They had barely returned, when the counter-attack began. The entire Turkish line erupted into a glittering charge. On they came, screaming their battle-cries, and out on the field, between the Hungarian lines and the advancing Turks, Hunyadi could see old Gombas and his little troop, blazing torches in their hands, rushing from rag-pile to rag-pile. As the flames took, a cloud of yellow-green smoke began rolling toward the Turks. It met, enveloped them and passed on—but not a solitary Turk came through it! The ground was covered with them. "They rolled upon the earth, showing extreme agony, and their breath came in great gasps; they wrapped their arms about their middles and threshed their feet, and their mouths filled with blood. And thus they expired horribly."

So runs the legend of the first

use of poison gas in warfare. Man had found a new weapon. Ironically enough, when Hunyadi sent for old Gombas, to offer him his reward, the searchers came back alone. Gombas was dead. He had stayed close, the better to watch the carnage, and he died in his own poisoned smoke. "It was a bad business," wrote a contemporary historian. "Christians must never use so murderous a means against other Christians. Still, it is quite in place against Turks and similar miscreants . . ."

For nearly 500 years, men were content to kill one another with commonplace engines of war. Then, in 1914, the wheel came full turn again. Hindenburg, like Hunyadi, was to have his alchemist. This man was Fritz Haber, a sergeant of infantry, and, in civil life, a chemist.

On April 22, 1915, Fritz Haber's specialists, with the wind at

their backs, blew 168 tons of chlorine out of 5,730 stationary cylinders, and when the last of it had dispersed, the Allies recorded the awful total of 15,000 casualties, 5000 of them fatal. And that was just the beginning. Before the war ended gas was to account for approximately 1,000,000 casualties, 80,000 of them fatal. About sixty-five per cent of all casualties were wearing masks when they were knocked out. Poison gas was the war's most economical weapon. It took 500 pounds of high explosive to effect a casualty, 5000 rounds of machine-gun or rifle fire, but only 192 pounds of gas.

Ken Purdy won a scholarship with an essay on the subject of poison gas in warfare. He chose it because of all the topics offered, it had the shortest bibliography. An almost-graduate of the University of Wisconsin (he had worked, intermittently, on newspapers) he felt apathetic about the academic life and hastened his return to the world of printer's ink by beating out an unorthodox nocturnal concert on the campus carillon. He is married to an ex-editor and has a red-haired baby son.

Perfect Disguise

SAMUEL FOOTE, the celebrated English comedian, was once approached by a certain nobleman notorious for his habitual intemperance, who said, "Mr. Foote, I am going to a mas-

querade ball tomorrow night. Can you suggest a disguise for me?"

"Suppose you go sober, my lord," was the reply.

—ADRIAN ANDERSON



**TEN LIMBER-UP EXERCISES TO STRETCH
YOUR VOCABULARY AND PUT TO WORK
SOME OF ITS MORE NEGLECTED MUSCLES**

Bright Words for Drab

THE trouble with our vocabularies is that it's easier to speak than to think. There's usually a word on the tip of our tongue; but it's apt to be the lazy man's word—the obvious, over-familiar or inexact word.

Actually, the search for the accurate phrase is the true beginning of effective speech. And that search inevitably culminates in the acquisition of a generous supply of synonyms to replace the tired, everyday expressions.

To check up on your progress to date in the search for synonyms, see how many of the fifty missing words you can supply in this quiz. Ten key words are given, and for

each of them you are asked to provide five synonyms. The first and last letters for each synonym are indicated, as is the total number of letters. Thus you know that the answer to the first question must necessarily be a seven-letter synonym for "rich," beginning with "W" and ending with "Y." Of course, you may think of other words beside those given as answers—in which case simply allow yourself reasonable leeway, with the support of the dictionary. Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 60 is fair, 70 is good and 80 or over is excellent. A list of answers will be found on page 114.

I. RICH

1. W ____ Y
2. O ____ T
3. A ____ T
4. P ____ S
5. M ____ D

II. HOME

6. A ___ E
7. H _____ N
8. R _____ E
9. D _____ G
10. D _____ E

III. CLOTHING

11. G __ B
12. A ____ E
13. R _____ T
14. A _____ L
15. V _____ T

IV. To Look

16. G __ E
17. G _____ E
18. P __ R
19. S __ E
20. V __ W

V. THIN

21. S __ M
22. L __ N
23. S _____ R
24. S __ E
25. G __ T

VI. To JOIN

26. C _____ T
27. A _____ E
28. L __ K
29. C _____ E
30. U __ E

VII. CRUEL

31. M __ N
32. H __ H
33. R _____ S
34. P _____ S
35. V _____ S

VIII. HAPPY

36. G __ Y
37. M __ Y
38. B __ E
39. J _____ T
40. J __ Y

IX. SKILL

41. A _____ E
42. K __ K
43. T __ T
44. A _____ Y
45. P _____ Y

X. To THINK

46. C _____ E
47. D __ M
48. R _____ E
49. C _____ E
50. P __ R

The Game of International I.Q. Believing an Intelligence Department to be the first line of defense, Coronet herewith inauguates a new series of the problems, hazards and stratagems likely to confront us in times of both war and peace. Read the facts of the case carefully; then check your score in this new game.

The Case of the Snowbound Embassy

by RICHARD W. ROWAN



WITH the termination of the first World War, one picturesque old European city, capital of a "treaty" state, became a notorious spy-center. Foreign embassies and government offices looked alike to the swarming agents of espionage, but one embassy in particular was over-ridden with their undercover activities.

It was not easy to tell the ambassador that his fascinating young wife was betraying him, especially when her betrayal involved treason. Captain Harris and Lieutenant Corrigan, the counter-espionage agents assigned to deal with the alarming embassy leak, had first suspected the attractive young woman because of her well-known extravagances and equally well-known dissatisfaction with her husband's income. In order to avoid

any embarrassment to the ambassador himself, they decided to avoid him and his treacherous lady, while trying to pick off her confederates.

Thanks to luck, the silent partner of all spy-hunters, they had spotted the intermediary in the affair, one Georg Karle, an alleged antique dealer. Clearly Karle was transmitting the embassy's secrets to his home country. Obviously the information was being furnished to him by the ambassador's young wife. But how did her messages from the embassy reach Karle?

The lady suspect never went near Karle's antique shop, despite the fact that it was located on the top floor of a once celebrated but now declining mansion, overlooking the embassy grounds. Therefore, the pair of counter-spies rented quarters which permitted them to keep both the em-

bassy and the "antique shop" under constant surveillance. And by watching day and night, they compiled a list of seven suspects.

The wife of the betrayed ambassador naturally headed the list. Then came her personal maid, a stolid woman called Theresa. Justin, the immaculate embassy butler, was a suspect, and so was the chauffeur, Michael. Then there was the footman Thomas, who largely devoted himself to the mistress's pet dog, and Marta, the woman who cleaned brasses and windows. Old Peter, the white-haired, red-cheeked gardener whose life work was the beautifully laid out embassy grounds, completed the list.

At this season, there being little gardening to do, Peter swept clear the leaves from the embassy paths with the air of an honored servant clearing a passage for a monarch. And the sprightly brown poodle was the monarch, with Thomas, the footman, following respectfully. Indeed, it sometimes seemed that the footman induced the poodle to move about the grounds in a shrewdly devised pattern. But when, by careful design, the dog was laid up for a week, Karle kept on reporting to his chief.

Justin, the butler, together with the chauffeur and the maid, Theresa, were shadowed constantly, until it seemed clear that the ambassador's wife was not trusting any one of them with her communicative dodge.

How about Marta, who washed windows and polished the brasses? It

really did appear that with her white cloth she was washing windows in code. But during her arrest on a trumped-up charge of larceny, Georg Karle transmitted several juicy items. How had they been signaled?

AND THEN it began to snow. It snowed steadily and hard for three days. The city, the embassy of suspects, the vigilant counter-spies—all were snowbound.

"We've got them all sealed in," said Lieutenant Corrigan eagerly; "the embassy's like a besieged city. The next time Karle puts through a message we'll know at once who's been in a position to flash it to him."

Presently they saw someone—presumably Marta—trying to clear the embassy windows of snow and frost. Old Peter struggled manfully against the storm, striving to shovel the long winding paths clear of snow. But nobody engaged in maneuvers resembling signaling. Then, to their surprise, the two counter-espionants learned that *Karle had sent messages every day, despite the storm.*

"Of course—what fools we've been," exclaimed the Captain. "Obviously Karle has had only one sure way to get his messages signaled from the embassy. But it took the snow-storm to close the case!"

What had the counter-espionage agents detected at last? Who was the signal-producing confederate of the ambassador's spying wife? How were the signals conveyed? (Answer on page 138.)

**MAXIME WEYGAND'S NEW ROLE IS FAR
MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIS PERSONALITY,
WHICH IS TODAY WIDELY OVER-RATED**



Pétain's Last Trump

by HEINZ POL

IT WAS at the time of the *Cagoulard* affair, a military revolutionary plot which was exposed in the fall of 1937. A few of us foreign journalists in Paris had gone to interview General Maxime Weygand, then retired on a pension from his post as commander-in-chief of the French Army.

Small and delicate, with sly foxy eyes, his fragile body attired in immaculate black civilian clothes, Weygand glanced with studied contempt over the table at which we sat.

"The *Cagoulards*, gentlemen," he said softly, in a sharp, high-pitched voice that betrayed years of issuing orders,—"oh, yes, the *Cagoulards*. I learned of their existence only through the newspapers and the radio. Since the Popular Front Government came into power, even innocent French-

men are suspected of mysterious political activities. As for myself, gentlemen, I play my daily game of tennis, I ride, I fence, I read books, and for the rest devote myself to my family. *Voilà tout*. I can tell you nothing further."

We journalists looked at each other, sadly pocketing our notebooks. The big Swede who represented a string of Scandinavian newspapers muttered: "The man hasn't said a single word that's true."

Maxime Weygand, then 70 and today 74, not only looked and still looks like a man in his fifties, but lives the life of a man in his fifties. For decades he had been tennis champion of the French officers' corps, and in later years it was his burning ambition to play a match with King Gustaf of Sweden, who was his senior.

But such pleasant preoccupations by no means have fully pre-empted Weygand's time. Another hobby, never discussed publicly is his interest in high affairs of state. It is this interest, coupled with his ambition and an almost grotesque sensitivity, that accounts for his position today as the most mysterious figure in a World War not lacking in eccentric characters.

ITALIAN FASCISM gave tremendous impetus to Weygand. In 1927 he charged Colonel de la Rocque, then still unknown, with the task of forming an exclusive league of front-line veterans—the *Croix de Feu*, which was to become the germ-cell of French Fascism. The *Croix de Feu* was entirely Weygand's own, original creation. True, he himself managed to stay in the background. But in 1935, when he attained the age limit for retirement, the wave of popular opinion had swept so far to the left in France that even Laval and Flandin, who were then at the helm, did not dare to extend Weygand's term of office over the protests of the left.

Weygand never forgave the decision to allow him to retire, though he was far too shrewd to believe that it was made because his military qualities went un-

appreciated. He knew that the real reason was that his political intentions were distrusted. The forces opposed to democracy, quick to utilize his hate and disappointment, drew him deeper and deeper into their circles. When the Popular Front Government was swept into power in 1936, there was no question at all that men like Weygand were the logical organizers of a counter-movement.

There were stacks of files under the heading of "Cagoulard Affair" at police headquarters and the Ministry of the Interior. The evidence shows that Marshal Pétain sanctioned the *Cagoulard* movement, promising his whole-hearted support in the event it succeeded, while Weygand actually played an active part—as instructor of those officers who were ready to join the Government and direct it along military lines.

The fact that Pétain and Weygand, immediately after the armistice, arrested Daladier, Gamelin, Blum and Mandel resulted not merely from a search for scapegoats for the collapse. It was desirable to silence men who knew too much about the *Cagoulards* and their backers.

Thus, eventually, when the *Cagoulard* affair petered out, Wey-

gand went untouched. There were very practical reasons for leaving him his aura. Except for Gamelin, about whose purely military capacity there was always a certain doubt, there was not a single senior officer in the French Army to whom a leading position could have been entrusted in the event of war. Thus Weygand was kept in reserve, even though it was known he had turned pessimist. To anyone who cared to listen he declared: "Democracies can no longer wage war against authoritarian states. Before we can undertake anything, we must first drive out the parliament."

At the outbreak of the war, Weygand went to Syria in supreme command even of the British forces led by General Wavell. The step involved more than purely military considerations. Weygand was to try to impress the Italians. In January 1940 he flew to Paris for a council of war. At the same time Pétain, then ambassador to Madrid, arrived in Paris, and the two generals both pressed the Government to conclude a negotiated peace. Weygand spoke contemptuously of the British forces in Syria and the "utterly incompetent Wavell" who had dared to submit proposals to him, Weygand. Paris was unable

to arrive at any decisions, but in May both men had to be hurriedly recalled, for the Germans stood deep in northern France. Now the situation was changed. The Ministers lost their heads and pleaded with Weygand to attempt the impossible. Two weeks later Weygand declared to Reynaud, who was on the verge of collapse: "It is too late to change the inner structure of France and continue the war. We must conclude peace and free France of what has hurled it to destruction." It was the way to Compiègne and Vichy.

WEYGAND did not long remain in Vichy. His hatred of all politicians out of uniform is genuine and knows no bounds. He went to Africa to save the military resources of the colonial empire. With their help Pétain was to be made strong enough to maintain a military dictatorship of monarchist and clerical complexion.

This rôle of Weygand's is of far greater importance than his personality, which is widely overrated today. Twenty-five years ago he was an agile chief of staff, capable of clear, mathematical thought. But so far as politics is concerned, Weygand, today, is a hopeless dilettante. Moreover, de-

spite his riding and tennis-playing, his one-time energy has vanished. If Weygand had had a strategic plan, he would have struck six months ago from Morocco.

A French friend of mine, who until recently worked directly under Weygand, reported his last impressions of the man to me.

"Weygand? A broken man, though he carries himself well and seems as elastic as ever. He is tireless, without ever accomplishing anything. He inspects the troops, holds conferences with the civilian authorities, and for the rest waits for reports from Vichy and his daily telephone conversation with Marshal Pétain. Yes, quite true, he holds the key position; but at the same time, he has been shunted to a siding. What will happen to him, if anything, depends on Berlin, or Rome, or Madrid—indeed, on Vichy rather than on himself."

Surely it is part of the tragedy of France that with all its mis-

fortunes it is cursed with politicians and generals who are old men—old men always lacking in wisdom and utterly lacking in strength. As for Weygand, his only strength always did lie in playing second fiddle. "The shadow of Foch," Clemenceau contemptuously called him twenty-five years ago. Today he is the shadow of Pétain — himself but a shadow.

*Heinz Pol, born 40 years ago in Berlin, was one of the editors there of the liberal newspaper, *Vossische Zeitung*. Arrested by the Nazis on the night of the Reichstag fire, he escaped to Czechoslovakia and then to France. In Paris, as editor of a news agency, he became acquainted with all the chief figures of the French Republic. His escape from France was effected only a few days before her collapse. Author of several books burned by the Nazis, his first American book, *Suicide of a Democracy*, reveals the inside story of France's fall.*

— Suggestions for further reading:

ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED

Anonymous \$1.00
The Greystone Press, Inc., New York

FRANCE, MY COUNTRY

by J. Maritain \$1.25
Longmans, Green & Co., New York

TRAGEDY IN FRANCE

by André Maurois \$2.00
Harper & Brothers, New York

The Unreturning Word

ENGLAND's great prime minister, Gladstone, was willing to confess a mistake when he made one, but preferred to

keep clear of making apologies.

"You can't unpull a man's nose," he explained.

—ANDREW MEREDITH

**AS MIDDLE-MEN BETWEEN GOVERNMENT
AND PUBLIC, DRAFT BOARD MEMBERS TAKE
A BEATING FOR THEIR DOLLAR-A-YEAR**



Local Board Makes Good

by PATRICIA MACMANUS

A COUPLE of months ago a determined-looking woman walked into the selective service headquarters of a New England town. "I want you to find my husband," she announced, planting herself before the board members.

Accustomed to more posers than you could shake a rookie at, these gentlemen remained unperturbed while the lady explained that her husband had disappeared, and that her finances were at low ebb. The three members sympathized with her plight and assured her that eventually her spouse's questionnaire would, as a matter of form, be returned to this, his home board.

In due time the questionnaire did show up, sent in by a board in another state, and the errant husband was brought back to face

trial on grounds of non-support.

This is cited as representative of some of the extracurricular duties that local selective service boards the country over take on. Being middle-man between the government and the public, the local board comes in for something of a beating. With it lies the responsibility of filling the army's periodic quotas, while, on the other hand, the community demands that its personal problems take precedence over everything else. As one member wryly illustrated, the *ne plus ultra* of the public attitude was expressed by a small boy who, pointing out said member to another shaver, described him as "the guy what sends all the other guys to war—but don't go himself."

"The purpose of Selective Service," reads the service bulletin, "is to secure an orderly, just, and

democratic method whereby the military manpower of the United States may be made available for training and service . . . with the least possible disruption of the social and economic life of the Nation." To this end the mechanics of the process have been decentralized, with the responsibility for raising this manpower placed in the hands of civilians.

That board members have themselves been drafted from private duties, is seldom remarked. Neither is the fact that they are hand-picked from the most responsible ranks of our citizenry. In them is vested the authority to carry out all acts provided for in the Selective Service law. "No hard and fast rules will work," their instructions read, "Each case must be weighed carefully and decided on its own merits." In short, Citizens Smith, Jones, and Robinson are told to get in there and double for Solomon if necessary. Inasmuch as they contribute their time and energies gratis, their reward, no doubt, will come in some patriotic-minded heaven.

SINCE THEIR inception in November, these boards have been a cross-roads of the American scene. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—every man jack of them

between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six has appeared. Every type of human problem has come with them. Although New York City cannot be called "typical" of the country at large, it provides an illuminating amalgam of the problems that are repeated the land over in varying degrees.

Take local board No. 32, for example. Situated in the city's "silk-stockings" district, its area also includes tenement blocks running over to the East River. Through personal interest in the registrants, the board members have made No. 32 something of an old-home-week outfit. Two nights before each group goes off for induction a get-together party is held at one or another of the members' houses; lining the walls at headquarters are photographs of every inductee, taken at the members' expense. Hanging in the place of honor are pictures of the first four boys to go: John Astor Drayton, scion of one of America's wealthiest clans, a truck-driver, a boy who was footman in one of the city's mansions, and a youth who was picked up in the park. The latter had been let out of a CCC camp, but had steered clear of home because his mother was on relief, and he didn't want to endanger her chances of staying on

it. Desperately eager to get into the army, his emaciated condition would never have gotten him through, but the board members, after talking with him, recognized good material. They therefore began providing him with small sums of money—enough to lodge and feed him until his number came up, which it did within the month. On his feet by then, he made the grade physically and in ten days was off to camp, happy as a covey of larks. Since then, whenever he's on leave, he makes his first stop No. 32.

Over in the West 40's local board No. 20 holds forth to an eclectic clientele. This is the heart of the theatrical district and at headquarters you can't swing a bat without hitting an actor, dancer, band-man, or vaudevillian. Taking the edge off solid professionalism, they also feature Winthrop Rockefeller and Archduke Otto of Hapsburg as registrants. Otto's card is probably the only one in the country bearing "His Excellency—etc." Rockefeller, they report, has been the innocent cause of several men being swung over. For instance, they were having quite a verbal tussle with one young chap who felt that if the army got him the world would lose a great thespian (he didn't

have a job at the time); then, at the crucial moment, someone came in to get final instructions about young Rockefeller's induction. Increasingly awed, the tyro Hamlet listened to the interchange and, when the inquirer had left, he was starry-eyed. "If it's good enough for a Rockefeller" he intoned "it's good enough for me."

WHEN IT COMES to hard nuts to crack, local board No. 1 in N. Y.'s Chinatown wins hands down. They have the second largest registration in the country, and still the board members go gray keeping their quotas filled. Besides the Chinese, this district includes seamen and the concentrated backwash of forgotten men. The first go in for pretending they can't speak English; the second always seem to be in Shanghai; while the third are almost all unfit. For example: one seaman's number came up—but not the seaman. A month later he wandered in and was ordered to take his physical exam at once; he did, and then promptly shipped off for ports unknown. On his return a policeman was at the dock to meet him and bring him before the board, who put him in the custody of an office boy for escorting to the induction station. Four hours later they

reached their destination—bosom pals by then, and reeling like feathers in a high wind. The induction was postponed while the seaman thought things over in a quiet cell for the night.

Over on 5th street's East side, local board No. 10 copes with problems international. The majority of their registrants have a mis-command of English that confuses everyone, including the registrants, and necessitates the constant use of an interpreter. Russians, Ukrainians and Italians make up this little Europe, and one of the principal snags is a certain pugnacious family unity. They are peddlers and small-time shopkeepers on the whole, with a nepotic way of running their businesses that keeps the board-members up nights untangling the various dependencies and inter-dependencies. Young registrants often come in surrounded by affectionate friends and family who demonstrate *en masse* and with rising emotion their attitude toward the army. The reverse picture was the case of a big, strapping Italian who came in wanting to volunteer. Inquiry disclosed that he was married, had four children, and made \$35 a week. How, demanded one of the members, did he expect his family to get

along without him? "Oh, thatsa easy," came the jovial answer, "they go on relief, and me—I go off have a fine time for a year." He was ordered back to his family in double-quick time.

Many of the situations that arise cannot be solved by rule of thumb, in line with which is the problem of so-called "common-law wives." For example, one man claimed both legal and common-law wives whom he had supported for some years. The legal spouse was self-supporting, so he was technically conscription material; investigation, however, turned up the fact that the quasi-mate was shortly expecting a child, whereupon the board voted unanimously for the man's deferment.

In a court of law these situations would have no legal status but, as one member said, "We are not courts of law—we are private citizens dealing with the problems of fellow-citizens."

RURAL DISTRICTS present problems of a different cast outwardly, mainly occupational differences, but the human verities are not regional. The communities, of course, are more closely knit, and board members usually have a working knowledge of most of the families in the area. At one

Vermont board, for instance, Lem Brown, a farmer's son, came before the board and was greeted all around by name. One member then inquired of him, "Your brother Fred still on the farm?" When told that Fred was, another member observed that the latter's number was due to come up shortly. Were there any hands on the place? The boy explained that what with one thing and another, extra hands had been laid off, leaving him and his brother to run things for their father. The upshot of these conversational by-passes was the suggestion by the board members that, since both boys were sure to be called, they get together and decide which one should apply for deferment.

Board members' personal knowledge of registrants, in these smaller communities, is often supplemented by unsolicited infor-

mation. One registrant's dossier included an anonymous letter setting forth his philanderings in detail. He was a divorced man, it seems, and had "taken up with a widow-woman whose husband got killed (went out in a lumber jam)." The widow-woman, moreover, had three children, and "something should be done to let them kids be reared nice. The draft will do it for them," advised the informer. Considerable downhill penmanship elaborated on this man's various vices, winding up with the observation that "a man that works and won't pay his taxes and lives a life like him is no good. He should be among the Draft." The members agreed that this registrant must indeed be a man of parts; in fact, he would probably find army life a little on the dull side if he were all that the unknown scribe claimed him to be.

Positive

SIR WILLIAM Pitt, the English statesman, was given to expressing his opinions with great positiveness. On one occasion he remarked that two negatives made a thing much more positive than one affirmative.

"Really," exclaimed Lord Thurlow. "Then your father and mother must surely have been two negatives to make such a positive fellow as you are, Sir William."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

Coronet's
Gallery of Photographs

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GARDEN PEOPLE

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DA
BRASSAI, PARIS

PROSPECTOR

MAY, 1941



PIETA

ERWIN BLUMENFELD, PARIS

CORONET



HERB ALDEN, FROM MONKMEYER

SENTINEL

MAY, 1941

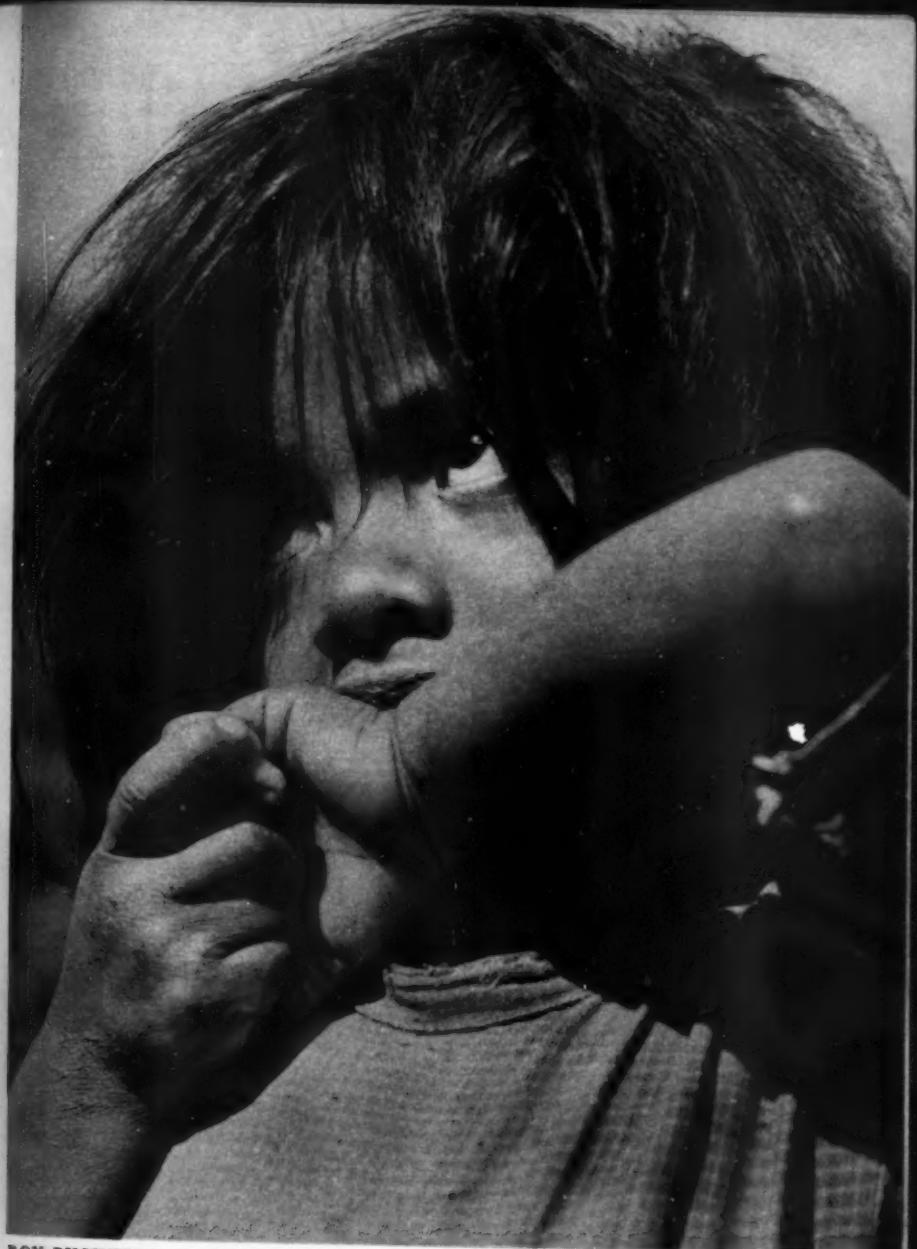


YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

BALKIN, FROM MONKMEYER

CORONET

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ROY BUCKNELL, FROM LEE HORTON

ESTRELLITA

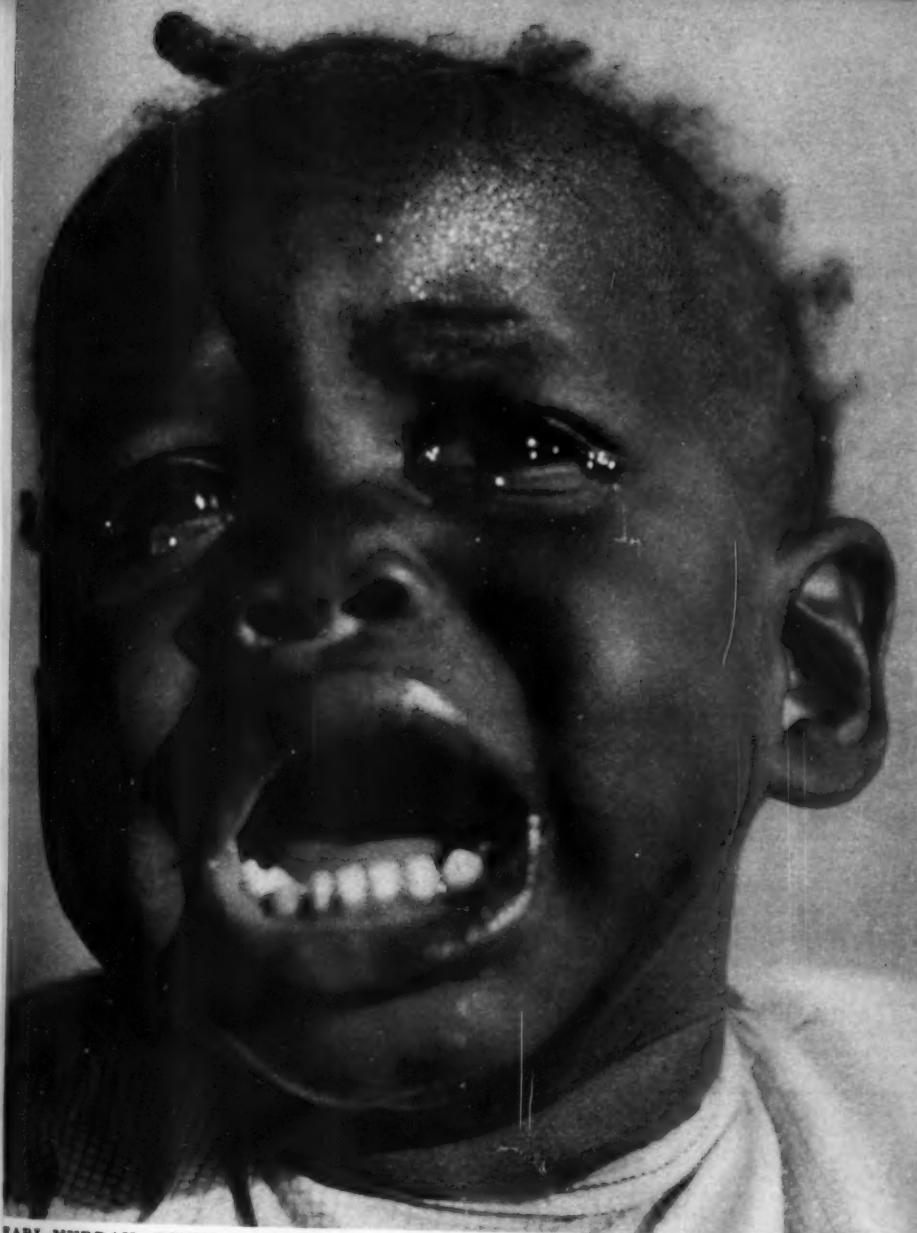
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BANTAMS

KARL WIPPERMAN, CHICAGO

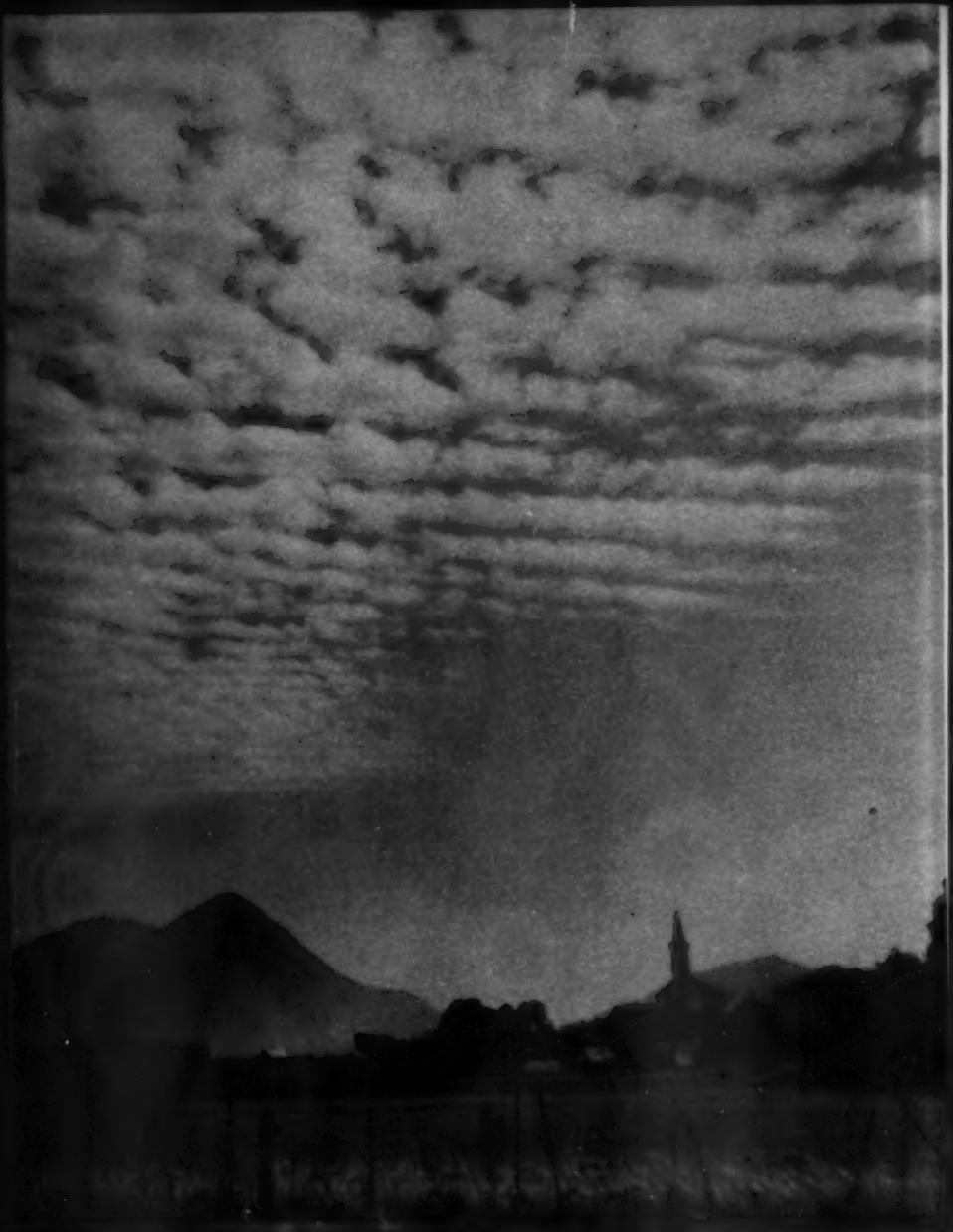
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MISERÈRE

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GOD'S FINGER

ANTE KORNIĆ, LJUBLJANA, JUGOSLAVIA

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H. SCHIEBERTH, SHANGHAI

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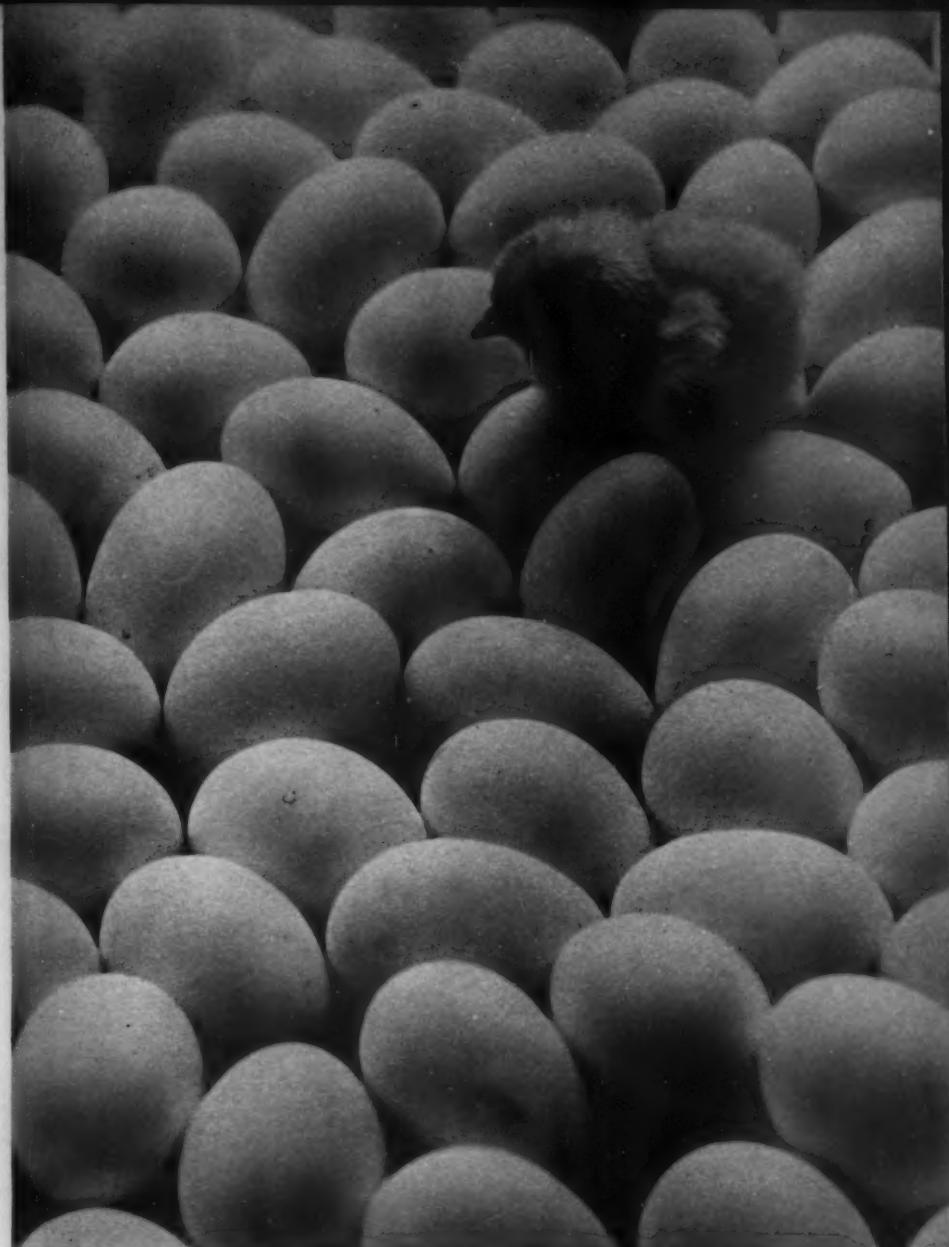
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TROUPERS

DALE NIBBELINK, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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CH.

FROM PIX, NEW YORK

THE GRADUATE

MAY, 1941



PEEPING FAWN

H. H. SHELDON, BEND, OREGON

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SLAVKO SMOLEJ, JESENICE, JUGOSLAVIA

MOUNTAIN INTERVAL

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JIGSAW

ANTE KORNIG, LJUBLJANA, JUGOSLAVIA

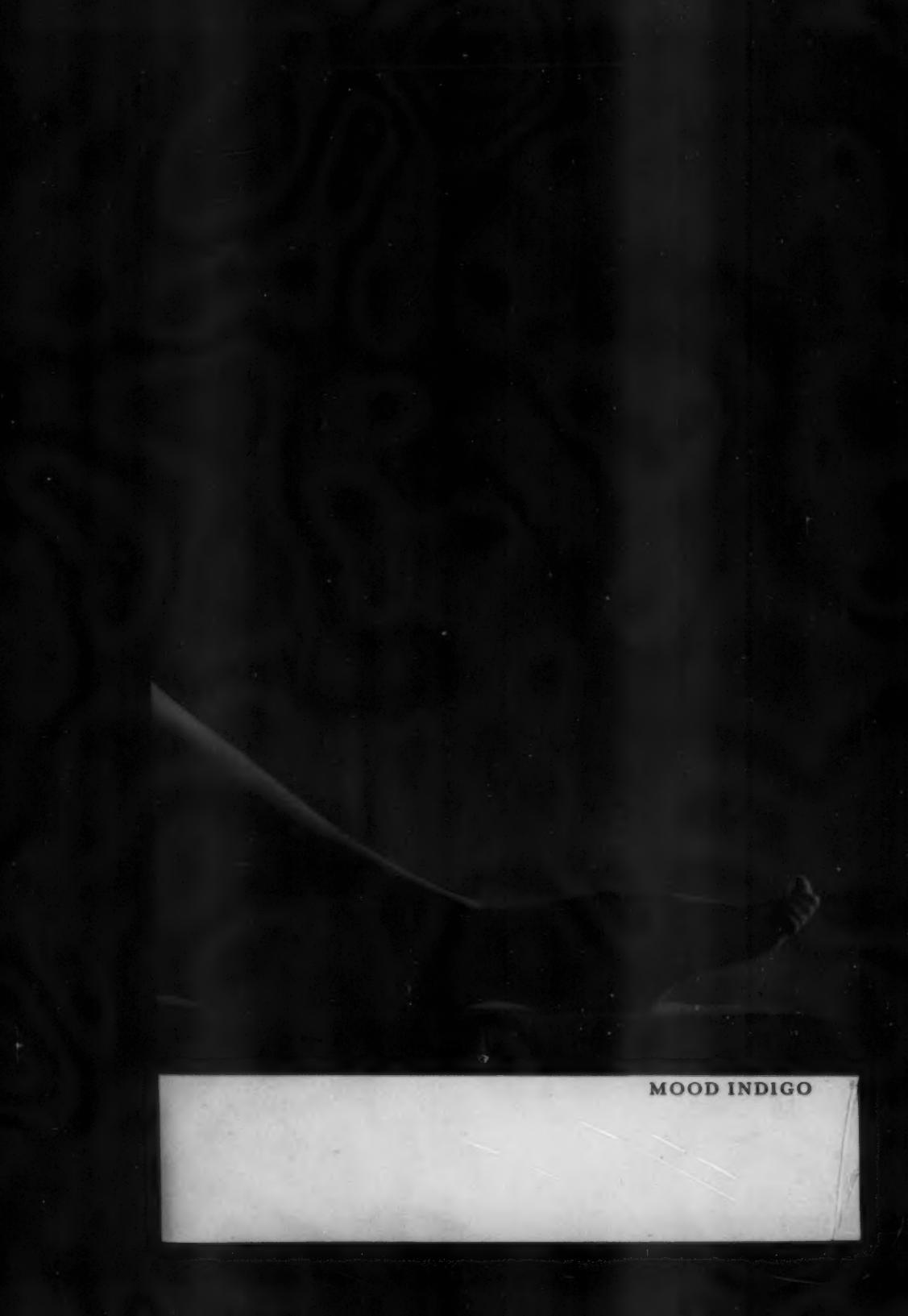
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PAUL GARRISON, NEW YORK

MOOD INDIGO



MOOD INDIGO



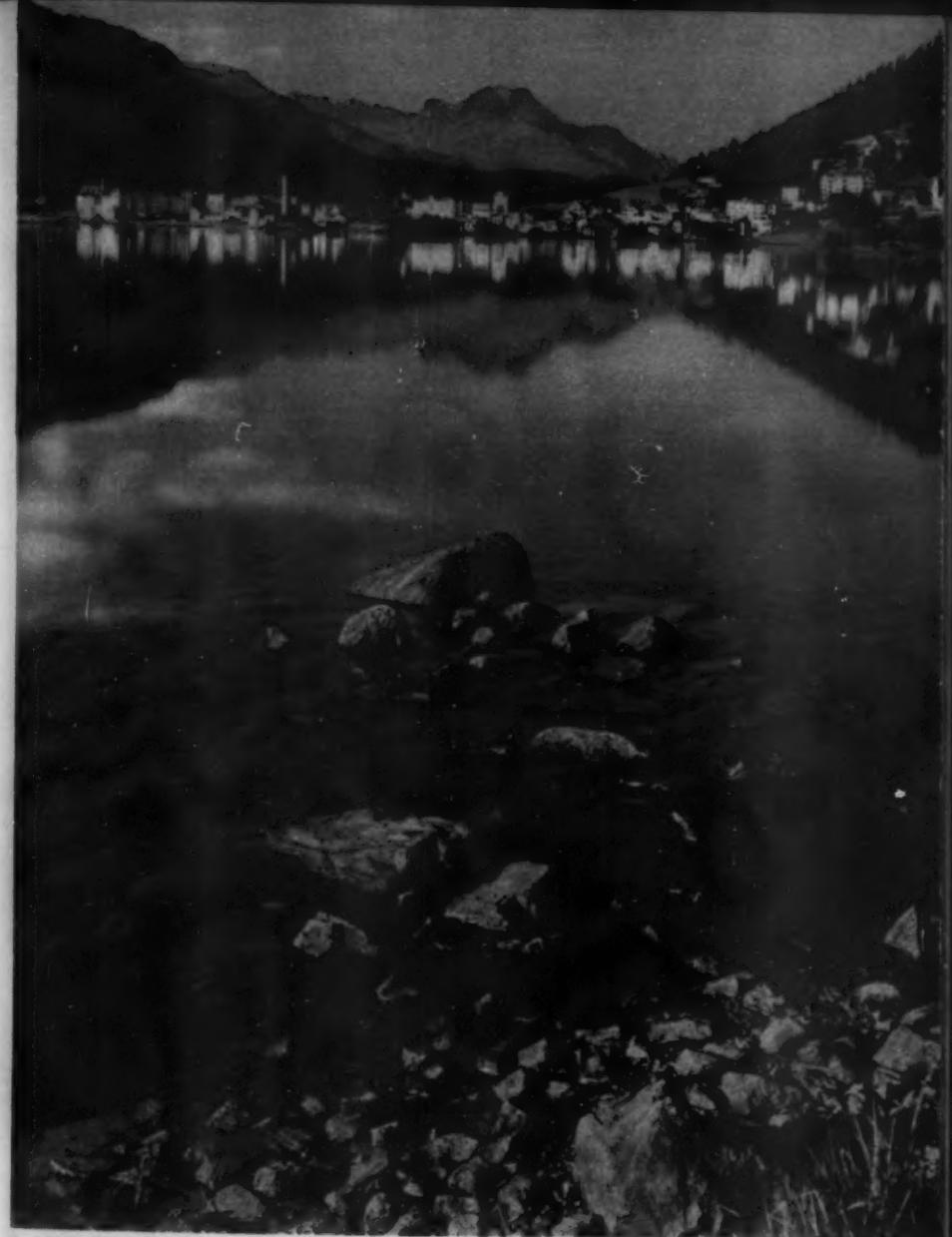


CITY OF MY DREAMS



CITY OF MY DREAMS

DON WALLACE



A. STEINER, ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

REFLETS DANS L'EAU

MAY, 1941



SECRET AGENT

ISTVÁN VECSENYI, BUDAPEST

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CHWARZ, FROM MONKMEYER

ALL PASSION SPENT

MAY, 1941



TRAFFIC JAM

J. FLEETWOOD-MORROW, TORONTO

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BAUER, HILTERFINGEN, SWITZERLAND

SWISS PYRAMID

MAY, 1941



INCANDESCENT

G. VON ASPERN, CHICAGO

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GYULA RAMHAB, BUDAPEST

TOUSLESTOPPED

MAY, 1941

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INVASION WEATHER

PIERRE JAHAN, PARIS

CORONET

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THE Dymaxion HOUSE—SEVEN ROOMS
FOR ONLY \$675—TOUCHES OFF AN
ENTIRELY NEW TREND IN OUR THOUGHT



New Machines for Living

by ROBERT W. MARKS

FOR more than two hundred years housing has been at a standstill. Indeed, in many respects, our housing has gone backward. Today we live in houses uglier than those of the eighteenth century, with much less space to breathe in or swing our arms and with walls so thin that we get a special communication every time the person in the next room turns over in bed.

Transportation has made amazing advances, from the horse and buggy to the stratocliners; communication has leaped apace, from Paul Revere's horse to television; science, industry, engineering, medicine, warfare have multiplied their products like amorous guinea pigs—but not housing. Housing is the forgotten man in the harem of progress.

Suppose you wanted a car, and

had to go through the same procedures you have to go through today in getting a house. First, you would go to a local car designer, probably one recommended by friends. He would suggest, perhaps, a reproduction of a tenth century rickshaw, a Louis XV barouche, a tally-ho or a Trojan horse. Then, for a couple of thousand dollars, he would draw you up a blueprint exactly fitted to your personal requirements.

You would next call for bids from contractors. Local blacksmiths would be needed, local tinsmiths, local machine shops, wheelwrights, carriagemakers, plumbers, and electricians. And when you were all through, you would have something that was a cross between the first Stanley "Steamer" and Mr. Eli Whitney's cotton gin. Your minimum

outlay would be in the neighborhood of \$15,000, plus some thirty per cent margin for extras, such as a self-starter, a heater, a speedometer, and a place to sit down.

Yet, in 1941—a year in which splitting an atom is as common as splitting an infinitive—this is the way we still turn out houses.

One of the keenest minds to be perturbed about this phenomenon is that of R. Buckminster Fuller. "Bucky" Fuller is a sort of combined industrial and social engineer, creator of the Dymaxion Shelter, the Dymaxion car, purveyor of visions extraordinary, and technical consultant on the staff of *Fortune*.

Fuller argues that the social function of machinery is to eliminate the unpleasant phases of life in the shortest possible space of time. Housing, or "shelter" as he prefers to call it, should be, fundamentally, "a machine for living."

WITH THESE ENDS in mind, he set about designing the most efficient conception of shelter, one that would provide the greatest possible degree of protection and comfort and would embody the greatest possible degree of efficiency.

Thus, the Dymaxion house has been planned for mass produc-

tion, to sell within the price range of Fords, Chevrolets, or Plymouths. It is designed to go up and be completely equipped, furnished and ready for use within some three hours after delivery. The smallest Dymaxion housing unit is planned to include two master bedrooms, two baths, study, kitchen, living room, garage, workshop, sundeck and complete equipment for heating, air-conditioning and refrigeration.

And now comes the shocker; the Dymaxion house is suspended from a mast by cables, using the same principles as are used in a suspension bridge. It is much cheaper and much more efficient to suspend a heavy weight than it is to brace it up from the bottom. And besides, this technique obviates all need for an elaborate foundation, one of the big cost items in most construction systems.

The central mast, entirely finished at the factory, contains all plumbing and waste-disposal pipes, heating, ventilating and air-conditioning system—and the staircase. The structural material is the airplane industry's duralumin tubes and bladders—Inflated with air for rigidity.

The furnishings of the house are to a large degree built-in. These include pneumatic beds which re-

quire no covers, since the interior air temperature is always carefully controlled; prefabricated Dymaxion bathrooms; and dish and clothes closets designed to revolve so that the storage space will move around you.

Other mechanical innovations include a laundry unit (you insert a soiled shirt and in a few minutes it comes out completely laundered and ready for the Court of St. James) and book shelves that revolve like the steps of an escalator, housing typewriters, globes, mimeographs, calculating machines, radio apparatus, in addition to books. Downstairs is a hangar for transport equipment—automotive, amphibian or whatever is available. (Fuller claims that transportation is technically an extension of the mechanical limbs of man and comes in for due consideration under "shelter.")

CONSTRUCTION operations take place as follows: (1) Basic materials are delivered to the point of use. (2) Central mast is raised and anchored by guy wires. (3) Floor beams are suspended from the mast and made rigid with other wires attached to stakes in the ground. (4) Prefabricated floor plates are inserted and made

fast. (5) Pneumatic flooring is laid in place and inflated. (6) Service units—kitchen equipment, bathrooms, closets, laundry units, revolving closets, etc.—are set in place. (7) Soundproof wall partitions are hung in their respective places. (8) Vacuum-spaced glass front and ceiling units are placed in their respective areas. (9) Protective hood is suspended.

Now, as soon as electrical and water connections have been made, you are all set. It is about three-thirty in the afternoon, if you started to work at noon, and you are fully prepared for house guests, indigent friends or Fuller Brush salesmen.

Actually the Fuller Brush salesman will find little welcome here, however, as there is no dust in the Dymaxion house. Efficient filtering apparatus carefully removes dust, dirt, pollen, gnats and cinch bugs from every cubic inch of air the ventilating system admits. What few microscopic specks come in with indiscreet visitors are quickly blown away by a compressed air gun—an extension of the ventilating department.

The costs of dwellings of this type are to be calculated on a weight basis, just as automotive costs are based on weight. Ford cars, for example, have been found

to cost some twenty-two and one-half cents a pound, at retail. Figuring the Dymaxion house, in quantities, on the basis of the Ford price, and knowing that the total weight will be (for a given model) 3,000 pounds, future prices can be said to hang around the \$675 mark—or about one-thirtieth of what you would now pay for a house of similar space and appointments.

The Dymaxion house was worked out by Fuller chiefly as a demonstration in straight thinking. It is an answer to the question, "how can the best scientific and structural knowledge available today be fitted to people's housing and living needs?"

THE HOUSE, however, is just a fig on Fuller's broad Dymaxion tree. His other schemes, inventions, developments and predictions have filled books. There is, for example, the Dymaxion car. Fully streamlined, it can do more than 125 miles an hour—with an ordinary Ford V-eight engine. Its steerable tail wheel, like an airplane, permits it to turn around as quickly as a European politician. It has three distinct and separately-sprung frames—one for the wheels, one for the engine and one for the body—so that jolts are completely ironed out before

reaching the passengers, making it as comfortable to cut across fields as to stay on the highway.

Now on its way to production for 1941 is the Fuller "Mechanical Wing." "The Wing" is basically a flat trailer. On it stands a Dymaxion bathroom, a complete kitchen unit (including electric grills, electric laundry and electric dishwasher), a Diesel power plant and all essential pumping, heating, ventilating and disposal apparatus.

With this "Wing" behind your car, you can drive your power-lavatory-culinary department up to a summer shack, a barn, a tent, an abandoned well or a silo—and, lo, you have the Prophet's Paradise to Come, none the less inviting for running hot and cold water.

It is by no means required that you keep the "Wing" on wheels. In fact, with a slight wave of the hand, all these functional units can be made to slide down from their motile perch and line up respectfully, like a platoon of bell hops, in the lobby of your kiosk.

BUCKY FULLER is obviously a most remarkable fellow. Both in his several books, and in his seemingly tireless and always fruitful table talk, he has offered some

shell-breaking suggestions for a better and more Dymaxiomatic world:

Fuller predicts that farms, within the next ten years, will become enormously mechanized, with all essential plowing, sowing and reaping being done in circles and spirals around central masts. The masts will support arms, or booms, which will carry the necessary machinery.

He proposes an electrified form of the Gallup poll as a means of voting, to give instantaneous expression to the democratic principle. Every night, every citizen of the United States would register his vote, at home, on every topic under consideration by Congress. Working like the telephone system, central exchanges would relay this expression to suitable indicators in Washington. Thus, the

machine would restore that kind of "direct" democracy which once existed, on a small scale, in ancient Athens.

All of this, of course, is really just enlarging and developing Fuller's basic idea—the Dymaxion idea—that every mechanical principle is an extension of the human faculties, to be used with the greatest efficiency and to the greatest extent possible. The Dymaxion House, the Dymaxion car, the Dymaxion bathroom, Fuller's writings, his proposals, his talk are all directed toward this basic theme—working to the end that a world of the people and by the people might some time be *for* the people, as well.

—Suggestion for further reading:

NINE CHAINS TO THE MOON
by R. Buckminster Fuller \$4.00
J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia

Ahead of the News

PEOPLE delight in reading accounts of happenings that they already know all about. The man who attends the opening of a new play is more interested in reading the review of it in the paper the next morning than if he hadn't seen it. Baseball extras are snatched

up and read even more eagerly by those fans who saw the game than by those who did not. When we read about something that we saw, or already know about, it gives us a sense of participation in the event. It is almost like reading about ourselves. —FRED C. KELLY

Echoes and Encores:

D'ALESSIO FROM PUBLISHERS SYND.



"Now remember, young man,
no stunting!"

CLYDE LEWIS FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"We are flying 20,000 feet over an
enemy battery with no bombs left. We
are attacked by six enemy fighters. What
do we do, Cadet Jones?"

DAVE GERARD FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"Ask the Daily Blotter how it will have
its eggs this morning."

SIMMS CAMPBELL FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"Would you lend me your handkerchief?
My nose runneth over."

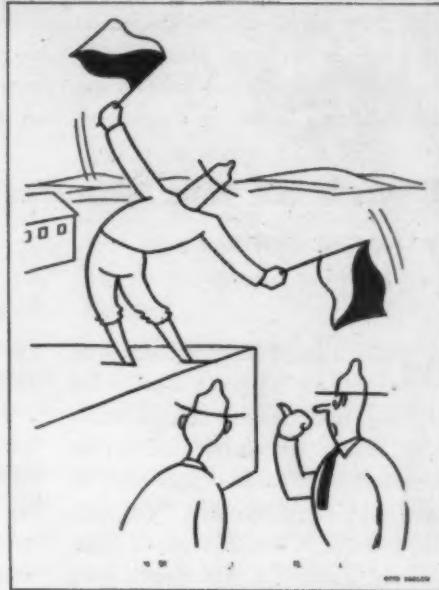
A Cartoon Digest

FROM LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



"—and there, right in the middle of the room, was a horrid great mouse! Was I scared!"

OTTO SOGLOW FROM COLLIER'S



"It's a very important message—he's putting it in italics."

ROLAND COE FROM CONSOLIDATED NEWS FEATURES



"How do you spell 'apologize'?"

ERIC ERICSON FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



"He just flaps his ears and up he goes."

MAY, 1941

THE FIFTY-FIFTY-FIFTY RULE ADVANCED
BY THE LATE SENATOR COPELAND MAKES
A TOUGH MORSEL FOR GOURMANDS TO CHEW



Death at the Dinner Table

by HOWARD WHITMAN

MANY a good horse has kept on eating apples until he plunked over dead. Perhaps that's why, when we want to describe someone who eats — and eats — and eats, we often say, "He eats like a horse." We let it go at that, but we shouldn't. For death goes stalking among these human over-eaters just as it does among the horses in the apple shed.

Middle-aged men in the pipe-and-slippers bracket are the ones most prone to eating their lives away. Regarding these men, someone has truthfully said in jest, "the larger the waistline, the shorter the life line." The late Senator Royal S. Copeland, once Health Commissioner of New York, worked it out a bit more graphically. He contended that a man of fifty with fifty extra pounds has reduced his life expectancy fifty

per cent. A grim business, this fifty-fifty-fifty rule.

In Essex County, New Jersey, Dr. Harrison Martland, the Chief Medical Examiner, has kept tabs on 2,000 sudden deaths from natural causes. Of this number, 1,680 were among men forty-five years old or older. Easily ninety per cent were caused by heart attacks. "And in most instances," Dr. Martland declares, "the victims were men who ate too much. The big trouble was obesity, paving the way for heart attack." His case files continue the story. Every few days he adds another neatly typed report telling of a gourmand's rendezvous with death. "Heart attack" is usually the official version, but the autopsy report shows what caused the heart attack. Frequently, in these cases, death comes within thirty minutes

to two hours of a gluttonous meal. Two plates of soup, double helping of bread, triple helping of meat, lots of gravy, lots of potatoes, please pass the beans again, more water, bring back the goulash, more bread—with death for dessert.

Death from over-eating strikes in two ways. It may descend swiftly like a bolt from nowhere and snuff out a man's life. Or it may use the lingering approach, gnawing a life away through chronic heart trouble, diabetes and other dread maladies to which too-abundant flesh is heir.

The swift-striking death is the type we alluded to in our brief reference to the horses. In human experience, we can all recall how some of the old Romans ate themselves under the table and never got out. Or perhaps we've read about Diamond Jim Brady and how he never recovered from the last of his gastronomical marathons. All that is pertinent, but we must not think it isn't still happening, every day.

After the gigantic-meal holidays, mainly Thanksgiving and Christmas, the morgues regularly have a few cases of death from sheer over-stuffing. Records of medical examiners frequently show rush calls to banquets and

other feastings. There's danger, too, in the walloping big meal that some men eat after a day or more of religious fasting. In all these cases, it would be far better to spread tempting dishes over a number of meals, if necessary, rather than pile them all in at one sitting. It is fun, of course, to linger over the groaning boards. But remember the danger in it. Don't let death take *you* for a holiday.

Another cause of sudden gastronomic death is a bad habit, which many food lovers develop, of eating one meal a day. Your local coroner will tell you that the one-meal-a-day boys are frequent guests in his establishment. To the ravenous eater, one meal a day is an attempt to cheat the game. Rather than forego the pleasures of stomach-stuffing, which he previously enjoyed three or four times a day, the glutton decides to compromise on one stuffing a day. The result is that he usually over-eats even more flagrantly, though on fewer occasions.

"Acute indigestion" is often mentioned as a cause of sudden death. Actually, doctors will tell you, death in most of these cases is not from indigestion at all but from the drubbing which a stuffed stomach gives to the heart. If the

heart gets a bad enough drubbing, it just stops beating. Harvard Medical School's Dr. Paul Dudley White set it down very plainly in one of his scientific works. "Heart failure, auricular fibrillation, angina pectoris or coronary thrombosis may be precipitated by a hearty meal," he wrote, adding that the result is often an "erroneous diagnosis of acute indigestion."

FROM THESE instances of sporadic or gluttonous over-eating, and their swift consequences, we now turn to chronic over-eating and the more lingering, stealthy manner in which death stalks the fat folks. Here are some actual mortality figures, worked out by insurance companies:

Among middle-aged men, those who are ten per cent overweight (roughly fifteen pounds) have a death rate twenty-two per cent higher than men of normal weight. Those who are twenty per cent overweight (about thirty pounds) have a forty-four per cent higher death rate. And those who are twenty-five per cent overweight have a seventy-four per cent higher death rate. (Note that these figures apply to middle-aged men. For men under the age of thirty-five, and women too, a little over-

weight is a good thing.)

Ask your own insurance man about it. He'll tell you that very fat people are bad risks, that often in studying them for insurance policies, ten years can be lopped from their life expectancy. The most risky type are the men who take on from thirty to forty extra pounds between the ages of forty and fifty. Medical authorities have written that, in such cases, a man takes on a "mortality handicap" as great as if he had cirrhosis of the liver or chronic heart disease.

When death creeps up stealthily upon the men of large waistlines, it usually bores from within. A fat body usually means a crowded heart, a heart packed and cramped by fatty tissue. It also means an over-burdened heart, a heart which tends to enlarge because of the extra work it must do. A frequently over-packed stomach doesn't give the heart any elbow room. Dr. Martland tells of dozens of cases where a packed stomach pushed the heart so far out of position that the coronary arteries were stopped up in the same way that you might put a kink in a piece of garden hose. In a man of middle age these arteries aren't soft and pliable as they are in a youth, and they kink easily, just as a garden hose does when it is

old, hardened and brittle.

Another grim partner that goes hand in hand with obesity is diabetes. Among fat men the death rate from diabetes is two and one-half times higher than the death rate among men of normal weight. In examining 1,000 cases of diabetes, the Mayo Clinic found that overeating figured prominently in the histories of 750 of the patients.

High blood pressure, another of the fat man's perils, is also two and one-half times as common among overweights. In addition to all this, deaths from pneumonia and even cancer are more prevalent among the corpulent. It is strange, perhaps, but statistical studies show that even suicides and fatal accidents are more prevalent among the overweights. It is hard to give a scientific explanation of these latter findings, but medical men have suggested that psychological maladjustments, springing from obesity, may account for the suicide rate, while clumsiness, lack of agility and slow reaction-time may account for the number of fatal accidents.

IN ALL these cases the wages of gastronomic sin are exacted most heavily in the years of mid-passage. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but during these years, man

is in the toils of a vicious circle, and the circle is his own waistline. The older he gets, the less vigorous is his way of life. And the less vigorous his life becomes, the more he turns to food for satisfaction. The more he turns to food, the fatter he gets. The fatter he gets, the less active his everyday life becomes.

And the merry-go-round goes round.

Dr. Charles F. Bolduan, Director of the New York Bureau of Health Education, calculates that food requirements for the average man drop about thirty per cent from the time he is thirty until he reaches old age. The grey-haired banker may be just as fond of food as the young stevedore, but he can't eat as much without paying the price. If he doesn't cut down as the sedentary life sets in, the banker is likely to find himself with that extra fifty pounds at the age of fifty.

Prudent eating is undoubtedly the best way to keep weight in control for normal men. However, once the fat is on, a man must throw his eating habits into reverse and do a bit of prudent dieting. We'd like to hang a red warning light on this line, for dieting can be fraught with peril if tried along amateur lines. Every fat

man has worked up his own particular problem. It takes a qualified doctor to find the safe solution.

Dieting without medical supervision has, in many cases, led to more dire results than obesity itself.

But even an excellent, supervised diet doesn't entirely erase the fat man's burden. He must stay down to normal weight and keep tapering off his meals as the years roll by. He must keep eating less and less, for his bodily needs become smaller and smaller. Finally, when a man reaches eighty, he's best off if he eats as he did when he was a small child. By that time, the human factory has slowed way down, and its fuel needs are most efficiently and abundantly supplied by very light and very simple feedings.

Sir William Osler, the famed Canadian physician, used to say, "A man should leave this world as he entered it, practically on a child's diet."

If the prospect may be slightly disappointing to you middle-aged lovers of big steaks smothered in onions and four helpings of roast turkey, remember that you are a lot better off than that horse in the apple shed. He didn't know what he was getting into.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE EATER'S DIGEST by Asa C. Chandler	\$2.75
	Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York
YOUR HEART AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT by Robert H. Babcock, M. D.	\$2.00
	D. Appleton-Century Co., New York
FEEDING THE FAMILY by Mary Swartz Rose	\$3.75
	The Macmillan Co., New York

Answers to Questions on Pages 62-63

1. Wealthy; 2. Opulent; 3. Affluent;
4. Prosperous; 5. Moneyed; 6. Abode;
7. Habitation; 8. Residence; 9. Dwelling; 10. Domicile.
11. Garb; 12. Attire; 13. Raiment;
14. Apparel; 15. Vestment; 16. Gaze;
17. Glance; 18. Peer; 19. Stare; 20. View.
21. Slim; 22. Lean; 23. Slender;
24. Spare; 25. Gaunt; 26. Connect;
27. Assemble; 28. Link; 29. Couple;
30. Unite.
31. Mean; 32. Harsh; 33. Ruthless;
34. Pitiless; 35. Vicious; 36. Gay;
37. Merry; 38. Blithe; 39. Jubilant;
40. Jolly.
41. Aptitude; 42. Knack; 43. Talent;
44. Ability; 45. Proficiency; 46. Cogitate; 47. Deem; 48. Ratiocinate;
49. Cerebrate; 50. Ponder.

WHEN YOUNG THOMPSON DIED LAST
NIGHT, SOMETHING WITHIN OUR TOWN
DIED WITH HIM: A SHORT STORY



Our Town's Shame

by ADA MARIE FAIRCHILD

THERE was a lynching in our town last night.

It is a quiet little Western town, our town, sprawling crazily from Butcher Hill on the east to the Greenhorn range on the west, and its wide, unpaved streets are lined with old locusts, whose blossoms, dripping sweet in the springtime, thicken the air with their fragrance.

The homes are old and unfashionable in our town, built by early settlers who came in search of gold in the fifties. Here and there is a new one, like the senator's white stucco mansion, or the French Provincial cottage the judge built for his young second wife. But the new houses, self-consciously modish, stand conspicuously apart from their weathered neighbors that have lived for nearly a century.

The stores on the main street, like capricious maidens, have changed their complexions often. But the ghosts of the old days remain, as is evidenced by the rusted iron doors that still hang beside some of the windows and the ornate bandstand projecting from the second story of the Franco-American hotel. There is the candy store with its elegant iron-legged chairs where we first tasted strawberry ice cream soda; there, the worn stairs that lead up to the office of Doctor Ream, dead for half a century. And, farther down the street, still stands the Miners' Home where, in early days, you could get a fairly good meal for five dollars, and a knife in your back if your poke of dust was bigger than the other fellow's.

This morning was like any other morning in the beginning. The

sun was just as bright, the meadowlarks sang just as sweetly, and the neighboring pine-encrusted hills stood between valley and blue sky, serene and solid, comforting in their passivity.

"Where were you at one o'clock last night?" That was the boy at the filling station, grinning and rubbing his hands together.

"In bed, of course."

Of course, of course. We go to bed early in our town. Nothing ever happens after nine o'clock, except when the American Legion dances.

"Why?" I asked.

"There was a lynching in our town last night!"

"I know. Ben Branson strung up his violin. Very funny."

"Honest! No foolin'! About twenty or thirty masked men stormed the jail, kidnapped the deputy sheriff and put him out of the car on the highway about eight miles south. Then they came back and opened the door with his keys and dragged out young Thompson who shot that traffic cop last week, and strung him up on a pine tree out on the golf course."

"It can't be true! It's a joke. You're laughing at me! Say you're laughing!"

"Sure enough!" Laughter. Sav-

age. Proud. "A good job, too. Remember that guy who killed Jeff Grant—still alive after three years? Guess folks didn't want anything like that to happen this time."

The filling station attendant is a boy I've known all my life. My young brother's friend. It occurs to me, suddenly, that he has a moronic face and an ugly wen on his neck. All at once, I am drowned with a savage desire to strike out at him and batter that chortling grin from his face.

Another customer is driving in. He greets them, smiling, "Where were you about one o'clock last night?"

HURRY! Hurry! Get away! Go fast! Drive fast, away from that mocking voice. The main street is filled with people, gathered in little knots. My friends, my life-long companions, which of you did this?

"Good morning, Mr. Fuller." A beautiful scoop for your paper. Hurry, Mr. Fuller. Hurry. Perhaps someone will show you the place where young Thompson, a youth of nineteen, clawed at the fence as the mob lifted him that the loose end of the rope might reach the low-hanging limb more easily. Hurry, Mr. Fuller, for the

road to the old golf course is filled with swift-moving cars, and the souvenir-hunters might carry the fence away!

"Where were you at one o'clock last night?" The question becomes a joyous chant as it runs down the street. "Where were *you*?" People stand on street corners, laughing, laughing. The chant changes. "Now Jeff Grant is avenged!"

There was a night, three years ago, when Jeff Grant, proud in his new traffic policeman's uniform, halted a strange car reputed to hold a fleeing kidnap. He was smiling, so they say, as he laid his hand on the door of the car and said, "Wait a minute, buddy. I have to ask you some questions." The questions were unasked and unanswered, except for the bark of a revolver, and Jeff Grant lay dying. Youth and strength and pride and courage and laughter lay dying in the dust of the quiet street.

For this, young Thompson, you who lie in the undertaking parlor—for this, then, you died. Because the murderer of Jeff Grant still lives, through benefit of outside clever counsel, because helpless anger still flamed within Jeff's friends, you died.

"Remember Jeff Grant!" We all remember. For who could for-

get his fair head framed in that pool of darkening blood, in the dust beside the foreign roadster? Are you avenged, Jeff Grant? Is death any sweeter?

"Good morning, Mr. Davis. A half-dozen pork chops and some butter." Where was I at one o'clock last night? Where were *you*, Mr. Davis? Was it you? Did you tie a handkerchief across your face, go into the night and drag that boy, cowering, from his cell out to the old golf course? Wrap up the pork chops, Mr. Davis. There's a little blood on your thumb. Where were you at one o'clock last night, Mr. Davis? Was it you?

"Hello there, Mrs. Ashcraft." Where was your husband last night? Did he come creeping in, say about two o'clock, with a story about a lodge meeting? Did you sleep with a killer last night, Mrs. Ashcraft?

On the street again. There is a pushing, eager line of men and women and a few adolescents before the undertaking parlor. A man comes out the door, wan, and gagging a little. He spits into the gutter before he speaks. "Jesus," he tells his companion, "that guy Thompson's nothing but a kid. Say, did you notice that nice white shirt he had on?"

What difference the color of the shirt? The boy is dead. Hanged by the neck until he was dead. On the old golf course. Perhaps you had a part in this, you pale man, gagging there. Where were you at one o'clock last night? Another man comes from the undertaking parlor. "Hell," he says, laughing, "who'd've thought the only mark on him would be that little knot below his ear and a bruise on his wrist?"

THE DOCTOR hurries up the street, just in time to revive a member of the foreign missionary society who has stopped in, on her way to purchase a pound of tea and some little cakes for the meeting to be held at her home today. Don't faint, Mrs. Sherrard! Suppose you were Mrs. Thompson today! Young Mrs. Thompson, or the old lady, what difference which one? Young Mrs. Thompson, that would be the wife. She has lain in those still arms. And the old lady, the mother, held him in hers nineteen years ago, and probably looked up at her proud young husband and said, "I'm sure he'll be president some day." How would you like to be either Mrs. Thompson today, Mrs. Sherrard?

"A jar" of cleansing cream,

Harry. And I *was* in bed at one o'clock last night." Take the laughter from your eyes, Harry. Where were *you* at one o'clock? Was it you? Was it you, Mr. Alden? Or you, Ed Geary? Or you, Charles? Or you . . . or you . . . or you . . .

Which of you went down the road to violence last night? What did you say, what did you think, what did you feel at one o'clock last night? Did strangling cries for mercy touch your hearts? Did you shudder and pale as eyes started from sockets, and tongue, thickened and black, lolled from slack lips? Did you creep quietly in your front door around two o'clock, crawl into your bed and, lying there with heart thudding rapidly, live again those black moments? Did the perspiration spill dankly from your cold flesh? Did you stare into the dark and say to yourself, "He deserved what he got. That makes up for Jeff Grant." Or did you turn over on your stomach, bury your face in the pillow and wish to God you'd never . . . never . . .

Was it you, Dan Underwood, standing there, wiping your hands on your apron, behind your bakery counter? Was it you, Tom Stanley? Your boy is about nineteen now. Was it you, John True?

Or was it you, my love, my husband, you, whom I've loved since we were children together? You, who dipped my braids in ink and kissed me when I wept? You, who wept with me when our firstborn breathed so shallowly that one agonized moment? Were you, in truth, working at the office? I didn't look at the clock when you came in—was it midnight, as you told me, or, God help me, was it two?

Tomorrow the sun will shine again, the meadowlarks will sing, and the neighboring pine-encrusted hills will stand between valley and blue sky, just as they have for centuries. But it will not

be the same. Something fearful and frightening has laid cold fingers upon me. And I know in my heart I shall never feel quite so safe, ever again. . . .

Where were you, my friends, and you, my old schoolmates, and you, my fellow townsmen?

God! God in Your Heaven! Where were *You* at one o'clock last night?

When she grew bored with the round of bridge games two years ago, Ada Marie Fairchild turned to writing. Her first story appeared earlier this year in the Saturday Evening Post. Our Town's Shame is her second published work. Brought up in Yreka, California, she now lives in Medford, Oregon. She is married and describes her husband, Theodore Knackstedt, as an amiable gentleman whose amiability does not include letting her read her stories to him. They have a 14-year-old son.

Tailored Philosophy

JOHN CHRISTOPH GOTTSCHED, the eminent German scholar, one day conversed with the English ambassador, Mitchell, about Shakespeare. Gottsched criticized Shakespeare and the English dramatists generally, because they violated the rules laid down by Aristotle, whom Gottsched considered the final authority on such questions. When Gottsched insisted that, according to Aristotle, a drama must have

five acts, Mitchell said:

"My dear Professor, let us assume that Aristotle was not a philosopher, but a tailor, who ruled that not more than five yards of cloth should be used to make coat, vest and pants. But you are a tall, fat man. If, following the rule, you could get only a coat and a vest, would you then, in reverence to Aristotle, run around all your life without pants?"

—ALBERT BRANDT

**A REPORT FROM A STRICTLY NEUTRAL
OBSERVER ON WHO IS DOING WHAT IN
THE REALM OF THE VERY LIVELY ARTS**

Carleton Smith's Corner

Coronets:

To Winston Churchill's *Blood, Sweat and Tears*: a thrilling testament for freedom.

To Baccaloni: Metropolitan Opera's W. C. Fields.

To Preston Sturges' *The Lady Eve*: smart, scintillating, rare for a movie.

To Ina Claire who did her all for Dr. Talley and against his method.

To John Marquand for deftly undressing *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, a wry Yankee stuffed shirt.

To Serge Rachmaninoff's recording of his *D minor Piano Concerto* (Victor 710). Uncle Buddha here makes others sound anemic.

To the Committee To End Committees.

To Ludwig Bemelman's *The Donkey Inside*: photography in prose.

Thorns:

To the movie attempt to clean up Jeeter Lester and family: the deleted, expurgated *Tobacco Road* is merely another *Old Homestead* with cupidors.

To Deanna Durbin for not singing at the Inaugural Concert.

To Midwest Blue Network stations for not taking Toscanini's broadcasts.

To Dorothy Thompson for labeling *Fantasia* Nazi propaganda.

No-Numes:

To Quentin Reynolds, the Stork Club correspondent, for lowering the standard of Broadway entertainment.

To that dull Polyanthem, *God Bless America*.

To the Met prompter who beats time to a lowered curtain.

To Be Remembered From:

Philadelphia Story: "The time to make up your mind about people is never."

The Corn is Green: "That man's stupidity sits on him like a halo."

Time of Your Life: "The more heroes you have, the worse the history of the world."

Pal Joey: "Take him but don't take him too hard."

Statistics Show:

The movies paid \$283,000 for *Lady in the Dark*, \$275,000 for *Arsenic and Old Lace*, \$200,000 for *Tobacco Road*, \$125,000 for *Pal Joey*, plus a cut in the profits.

One new building is erected at Ft. Bragg (N. C.) every 32 minutes.

The Dictator has had small patronage in London.

ASCAP-radio war has boosted record sales.

South American night-spots are having the biggest season in their history.

The current world's most popular tune is *Beer Barrel Polka*.

So They Say:

G. B. Shaw: "Youth is such a wonderful thing, it's a crime to waste it on children."

Nelson Eddy: "Making movies is a bore."

Sir Thomas Beecham: "America is a country of widows who, having killed off their husbands with canned food in over-heated houses, marry

their gigolos and drink themselves to death."

Proverb: "All time is lost which might better be employed."

Dorothy Thompson: "There are no neutral hearts save those that have stopped beating."

Individualisms:

Shirley Temple still carries the bright pennies Secretary Morgenthau gave her.

Yehudi Menuhin practices for hours on his violin *without* a bow: he visualizes the music.

André Kostelanetz wears eye-shades while sleeping.

Strictly Incidental:

Major Bowes is vice-president of the Shakespearean Association of America.

New pastime in Washington, D. C., is *GO*, a complicated oriental game, introduced by the Chinese Ambassador.

An aerial short-cut is being surveyed between London and Shanghai via the Arctic.

Benny Goodman will debate Frank Black this month on hot vs. classics. Black will come unarmed; Goodman will pack a concealed clarinet.

Eve Curie is in love.

The Soviet Union will keep on manipulating for a long war.

Charleston (S. C.) editorial: "A bill is pending to approve Sunday movies; it is refreshing to learn that some people still approve Sunday."

A SLIGHT JUGGLING OF EVIDENCE SEEMED
PERFECTLY IN ORDER WHERE A WOMAN LIKE
MÉLÉANIE WAS CONCERNED: A SHORT STORY



Crime of Passion

by GEORGES SURDEZ

THE OFFICE of the Public Prose-
cutor was very quiet. Through
the tall windows could be seen
the street and a corner of the
main square of the Normandy
town, with neat cobbles and point-
ed roofs. There was no traffic in
sight, and few pedestrians. Here
and there were sinister silhouettes
under bucket helmets, the invad-
ers.

Monsieur Lahure, who had
commanded a battalion in an-
other war, looked at them thought-
fully. He was a gentlemanly of-
ficial nearing sixty. His father had
been a great hunter of Boches,
chieftain of the district's *francs-
tireurs*. But those heroic days were
gone, a shameful armistice had
been signed, and the only hope
had taken wings across the water.
As he sighed, the doors opened,
and another old man appeared.

"Anything pressing, Benoit?"

"No, *Monsieur le procureur*. The
only murderers at large in the
vicinity are not within our re-
sort." The clerk's eyes wandered
to the outside, and he mumbled
under his breath. "Oh, there's a
woman to see you about the Ger-
minet case."

"Who is she?"

"Madame Germinet herself."

"The suspect?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Curious, very curious. I'll see
her at once."

"But, *Monsieur le procureur*—there
is little she can say, one way or
the other. The autopsy has not
been . . . ?"

"I'll see her at once."

Lahure settled himself behind
his desk, waiting. In three minutes
the door opened, and a woman en-
tered. The prosecutor rose: "How

are you, Madame Germinet?"

"Oh, you can call me Mélanie, as in the old days when I waited on you at La Cloche Inn. I'm not one to stand on ceremony, to put on airs."

She was an old country woman, fat, wearing baggy black clothing, an incredible bonnet with a widow's veil streaming down and black cotton gloves, mended at the tips. Her eyes were very blue, her skin fresh and rosy. At one time, she probably had been good looking enough, in a rural style, Lahure realized.

"You look very hale and hearty, Mélanie," he said at last.

"Oh, my health is good. No reason why it wouldn't be."

"Indeed not, indeed not. Now, what is it you wish to see me about, Mélanie?"

"Well, you know I got married to Germinet, and that he died recently. Well, there's been a lot of gossiping in the village. Some people are still jealous because I got married, and to a gentleman, an officer, with some money of his own."

"To tell you the truth, Mélanie, we have received some letters."

"You did?" the blue eyes widened: "What mean people there are in the world, I do say! Well, they think I gave him a push, be-

cause I wanted his money. They can't imagine anything else, not with the minds they have. Regular sewers! Well, I have brought two wills, one dated before our marriage, one after. You know that Germinet had been married before, oh, back in 1889, when he was a sub-lieutenant. His daughter is living in Caen. She has five or six children, two of them with the armies."

"Yes, yes," Lahure urged her gently: "but what is it you wish to see me about? Prosecuting the gossips?"

"No, I don't want anybody prosecuted," Mélanie said largely. "Those gossips, I spit on them! But I know that it's illegal to destroy a will yourself, and I want to fix it so that the second will, the one that leaves me most everything, is burned up."

HE LOOKED at this matter-of-fact, placid woman in black, a widow of a few weeks, cheerful and healthy. He knew the cunning and the rapaciousness of peasant folks. Had the woman something to hide, was this a way of destroying a motive for murder, well in advance of open prosecution?

"But, see here, Mélanie—that will leave you destitute, without

a home. You better think it over longer—”

“It’s all thought over. I’ll be taken care of, you know. Because, after I get that will business properly settled, I’m going over to the police and give myself up.”

“Give yourself up, Mélanie?” Lahure gasped. “What for?”

“For poisoning Germinet, of course.”

“You wish to confess to a charge of murder?”

“Sure. Why not? I murdered Germinet.”

“Did he mistreat you?”

“Him?” Mélanie laughed fondly: “Listen, he was the kindest man who ever lived. I swear, he didn’t like to cut roses. Told me once maybe the plants felt pain, like ourselves! And him who’d been a soldier for thirty-five years!”

“Then why did you—did you give him a push?”

“Because — well, it’s a long story. He was nearly seventy-five when he died. They retired him at fifty-eight, didn’t give him his promotion to major, even if he had all the decorations there are. His health was bad. You know what old colonials are—their liver troubles them, their stomachs, they’ve eaten and drunk so many strange things for so long. He used

to take his meals at the Inn, and I waited on him steady. I soon saw his stomach was delicate, that he couldn’t eat like other people. So I started to cook his stuff myself, and give him special dishes.

“Around 1928, he had a sick spell, couldn’t come out to the Inn. He sent for me, and I took care of him. Then, after he got well, or better, because he never got what you’d call well, I stayed on. He paid me about what I used to make at the Inn, the work was not so hard—the dishes for only two people’s nothing after you’ve had to clean stuff after a fair-day. I stayed on and on, he never told me to go, I never asked him anything. Then he said we should get married. I laughed, thinking he was kidding, and asked him what for. I was too old to worry about my reputation. But he seemed serious, and he kept after me, saying it worried him to think I should have to go back and scrub floors in strange houses after he died.

“Well, he wanted everything done right, church and everything. I knew he was doing that for me, because he was a free-thinker himself, never went to mass. But he was solid with the priest, who used to come over and play chess with him, and try to get him to go back. Germinet laughed then, and

he'd say: 'Father, France is my God and the army my religion!'

"When the last war started, he was like a mad man. He wanted to do something. But he really couldn't. He started sticking flags in a map, and he would be there all day. He expected big battles, and they didn't come. He was mad all the time because we did nothing to the Germans. He wanted to know what sort of a war it was, with us hiding in holes, afraid to start something.

"THE DOCTOR left his heart medicine, his liver medicine, and a big glass tube with white tablets in it. He said when Germinet got too nervous, couldn't sleep, that I should give him one. He said to be careful, that it was poison if you took a lot.

"The day the Belgians gave in, he was lying in bed, and he was so weak he could not feed himself. I had to use a spoon. But his mind was clear, and he started to cry, to cry like a little baby.

"Oh, I tell you, if I could have laid my hands on that Leopold, I'd have fixed him! Germinet kept saying: 'I was decorated by his father, by his father! I don't understand.' The doctor came, and he told me it would be a wonder if Germinet lasted the week. He

said to go easy on the pills and tablets, but you can stand to see a good man suffer only just so much.

"When the people started to go, I couldn't leave him. He would hear the shouting on the road outside, and I'd have to make up stories. Then somebody came through and said the Germans were very near.

"That really frightened me. Germinet had told me enough stories for me to know that when soldiers enter a new place during war time they search the houses. They would come into his house, up his stairs, and he would see them coming, with their ugly Boche mugs and their spike helmets. That would be a fine thing for him to see, the last thing in life, for it would kill him.

"So I gave him six of the tablets all at once. Just the same, he came to for a minute during that evening, and tried to smile when he saw me sitting by the bed. He could barely speak, although to the end his mind was clear. He asked me about the war news. I had read what he wrote down in a little book, so I made up an answer: 'You know I don't understand much about those things, and I may be mixed up. But they were announcing something about a counter-attack toward Mont-

medy.' I watched him as I dissolved a few more tablets in a glass of water. When I held it to his lips, he didn't drink immediately, but smiled and said: 'That's what was needed. Mélanie, the Boches are done for!'"

Mélanie smiled at this memory for a moment, then resumed.

"And so he went to sleep—like an old baby, with a smile on his face. He never woke up."

SHE CEASED speaking, and Lahure lighted a cigarette, blew the match out carefully. He remained silent for so long that the good woman grew impatient.

"Well, about those wills—"

Lahure started. "Forgive me, Madame, I was absorbed—"

Monsieur Lahure rose, took her hand in both his hands.

"I shall call you Mélanie, because we are such old friends. You trust me, don't you? Then leave the wills with me for a while, and promise me not to mention a word of this to anyone. You haven't, have you? Good. I understand what you did, why you did it. Any Frenchman will understand, too. But it must be presented carefully. Due to my position, I may be able to arrange matters."

Mélanie smiled graciously, lifted a plump hand in protest.

"Oh, don't go to too much bother!"

But the old magistrate was beyond smiling at her simplicity, for he had had a glimpse of her soul. He escorted her to the door, took leave with a courtly bow.

Then he went to stand by the window.

There were the invaders, stamping their boots on the cobbles. Some wore field-gray, some black, some wore caps and some steel helmets, but they were Boches, and his thought wandered back, invincibly, to his father and the Uhlan hunts of Seventy. Yes, he would have preferred to die, not to see them here, masters. He knew his colleagues, they were Frenchmen—they would understand. They would not hesitate to become his accomplices in malfeasance in office.

For what was a slight juggling of evidence, where a woman like Mélanie was involved?

Born in Switzerland, Georges Surdez attended schools in that country, in France and in the U.S. At eighteen he went to Africa. He has returned several times to that part of the world, making a study of the French Foreign Legion. He visited headquarters of every regiment and journeyed to farflung outposts of the Atlas, Sehal and Sahara. Coming to the United States, he settled down and decided to write. His first story was accepted within a month. Besides his magazine pieces, which have been numerous, he has authored these books: The Demon Caravan, Sword of the Soudan, and They March from Yesterday.



Nurses to the Lovesick

A Portfolio of Personalities

by J. K. WESTERFIELD

WHEN you read in your local newspaper that Dorothy Dix frowns on promiscuous petting, do you smile to yourself, assume that the letters are faked and envision some hard-boiled reporter dashing off the column under a woman's pseudonym?

If you do, you couldn't be further from the truth. Being nurse to the lovesick is actually a deadly serious business. Without exception, the most successful of them are completely engrossed in their work.

Sometimes, of course, the problems are trivial, and the love doctor must advise an irritated wife how to deal with a husband who tears the bed sheets with his long toenails, or a girl how to cope with a boy who refuses to wear a necktie.

But experience has taught advisors to the lovelorn that serious problems, sometimes even lives, weigh heavily upon their decisions. It is impossible to take lightly an appeal of a young girl who threatens suicide—or a request for advice from a man and woman on the verge of breaking up their home.

Most of us like to get things off our chest by writing "all" in a letter to someone we can trust. On the pages that follow are brief sketches of six women and one man who perform this role of confidant to more than 84,000,000 Americans.



Ruth Millett

Prim, efficient and very studious in her approach to her readers' problems, Ruth Millett differs from other columnists for the lovelorn; she doesn't print and answer readers' letters.

Instead she prefers to associate her comment with contemporary news events, such as: should a young married woman go to live with her parents, or try to get a job in a city near her selectee-husband's training camp? Although this technique has made her something of a cross between Angelo Patri and Dorothy Dix, it has caused editors to front page her column.

At 24, Ruth Millett was Dean of Women at the Northwest Missouri State Teachers College, where she was counsellor for 400 girls, mostly from small farms. One of her most treasured letters is an enthusiastic boost from a governor's wife; another is from a coal miner in Pennsylvania.

Awarded \$100 by the New York Newspaper Women's Club for the "best column of comment and opinion in 1939," Miss Millett is pictured above just before receiving the award from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Still in her twenties and married to a physician, Ruth Millett likes tennis, all stray dogs, and brand new hats.



Mrs. Ione Quinby Griggs

In her thirties and widowed after a year of married life, Mrs. Ione Quinby Griggs started writing a column to the lovelorn for the *Milwaukee Journal* only eight years ago. And, judging from her mail, not an altogether pleasant lovebug stings young folk.

One girl wrote saying she was going to kill herself because she didn't dare tell her father she was about to give him a grandchild. "I maneuvered things," explains Mrs. Griggs, "so that the grandpa-to-be eventually lured the father-to-be with the promise of a dowry. When last I heard

from them, everyone was happy."

As a result of her heart repair work, she has had hundreds of babies named after her—usually babies of couples she reunited through her advice. For instance, twins born in Oregon last year were named Ione and Griggs—girl and boy.

Mrs. Griggs once received a letter from a wife who hid her husband's wooden leg when she saw a spree coming on, another from a crazy woman who thought she was a big black umbrella, and a third from a lad who wanted some of her blood transferred to his veins so that he might be inspired to write marketable stories.

Dorothy Dix

Her name is Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, but to 60,000,000 people she is known as Dorothy Dix. Daily she delivers little doses of wisdom to the lovesick in her column, carried by 273 newspapers in America, England, Canada, Australia, China, Japan, India and Africa. All other columnists for the lovelorn compare their work with hers.

At 69, Dorothy Dix, short and energetic, lives quietly in her seven-room New Orleans apartment. Surrounded by rustic furnishings and seated in her favorite rocking chair, she dictates

answers to letters from prospective suicides, frustrated wives, giddy school girls and unwed expectant mothers. For this, she earns \$70,000 annually—a long jump from the \$5 a week she got for writing her first column.

In her 45 years as a love counselor she has neither missed nor been late with her daily column. But she has an extra two-month's supply locked in her safe-deposit box—just in case.

Widowed and childless, Dorothy Dix has two devotions: the family of her brother, Charles E. Meriwether, a New Orleans businessman; and the problems of the 100,000 who write from all over the world for her advice.



Anne Hirst

Former advertising copy writer, radio script writer, and foreign correspondent, Anne Hirst started writing her column of advice for the *Philadelphia Record* some ten years ago when she sat down to her typewriter and batted out letters to herself. Now she gets as many as 500 letters a day from the 1,200,000 readers who see her column in 18 U. S. papers.

In her forties, energetic and painstaking, she has found that the triangle situation is by far lovedom's gravest problem. In-law trouble comes next.

"When a woman writes me that she

is contemplating suicide," says Miss Hirst, "or when a man and woman say they will either carry on or break up their home depending upon my advice, I do feel utterly inadequate, and the responsibility terrifies me. But I have received so many letters from those who did follow my counsel that I dare not answer any letter lightly."

Miss Hirst's real name is Mrs. Leslie Peat. She has been married 15 years. Her main weakness is roaming the seas on freighters, and she manages to indulge in a long trip every two years, at which time she exhausts herself preparing her column ahead.



George Antheil

The only male in the ranks of advisors to the lovelorn, George Antheil, has a genuine fondness for the teenage readers to whom he devotes a column each week. He claims that most older readers merely want to unburden their minds, whereas boys and girls in their teens, in an important formative period of their lives, are bewildered and honestly seek advice.

Antheil's most touching letter came from a discouraged young New England girl who told him that doctors had given her but two more years to live. He put the situation up to his

readers, telling them he would forward letters to the doomed girl. Now, if the girl reads all her mail on an eight-hour basis each day, she has enough reading for the next ten years.

Readers often address Antheil as "Uncle George."

At present, he is living in Hollywood, where he writes music for the films. His scores include those for De Mille's *The Plainsman* and *The Buccaneer*. When 25, he wrote and produced a *Ballet Mechanique* which caused a riot in the fashionable Champs Elysées Theatre, Paris. Probable reason: his instruments were a mechanical piano and an airplane propeller.





Doris Blake

The by-line Doris Blake is familiar to more than 9,000,000 readers although the column, since its inception, has been written by Antoinette Donnelly, who also writes beauty-advice.

Miss Blake handles all the tough problems herself—like the case of the man whose wife, after 22 years of married life, acquired a new boy friend. When her new love called she would order her husband into the kitchen. "I told him," says Miss Blake, "to go into the living room, put his feet on the table, and act like the man of the house." Later he wrote her, saying,

"You ought to have seen the living room when I got through that night!"

At the heart-cure business long enough to have noticed some distinct changes in boy and girl relationships, Miss Blake illustrates: "When I first started, a young woman confided that when her escort attempted to kiss her, she slapped him so hard she knocked him off the porch. That wouldn't happen today."

Though her column is sometimes bluntly brief, she offers her readers a number of booklets. Most popular are *The Technique That Wins Men* and *Why Don't the Girls Fall For You?* Doris Blake is married, has two daughters.

DOUBLE-CROSS EXAMINATION WOULD BE A BETTER WORD FOR IT, HENCE THESE SIMPLE RULES TO MAKE THE BATTLE MORE EVEN



Witness-Stand Strategy

by SYDNEY C. SCHWEITZER

Too many persons suffer from courtroom jitters.

They hear of witnesses trapped by trick questions. They hear of lawyer-magic that makes honest men look like lying knaves. This tightens their nerves, chokes all reason at the sight of a summons or subpoena. Then they hear of witnesses tortured for hours by crafty cross-examiners, some even imprisoned for perjury—and the thought of testifying in court floods their soul with despair.

It's time to crack this widespread phobia. Two simple truths should be driven deep into the minds of these people.

There are rules for handling lawyers, just as there are rules for handling canvassers, bill collectors or children.

Any person of ordinary intelligence can master these rules, and

knowing them, meet a lawyer in the courtroom on equal terms.

If you have yet to mount a witness stand, the probabilities are that you some day will, according to the law of averages. And unless you remember a simple pattern of conduct, the chances are you will be in for an ordeal of sweat, confusion and ridicule. Take the case of the housewife who appeared as witness in an accident lawsuit. Her story on direct examination was straightforward and accurate in all details. But to the cross-examiner, she was an accomplished liar, to be exposed at the earliest opportunity. She fell before his opening blast.

"Of course, you talked to no one about your testimony?" he roared, using the most common of all trick questions. "No one," she replied, meaning her testimony

was entirely her own, not a patched-up story.

"Then you never talked to Mr. Brown, the plaintiff's lawyer, about what you would say in court?" he asked, smiling at the trapped look on the woman's face.

"Why, I—I guess I did. That is, I—"

"You've answered the question," said the cross-examiner, turning to the jury with the look: "See? What can you expect of a liar?"

The housewife was now jittery. She was caught in a lie—a serious lie, to judge from the lawyer's expression. Her assurance wavered, blew up under a barrage of questions insinuating all manner of heinous conduct—and what should have resulted in a sizeable verdict ended in a nonsuit. So remember:

Don't deny you spoke to others about your testimony. Lawyers, or their assistants, invariably review a witness' story before putting him on the stand.

FEW WITNESSES know how to parry the ambiguous question. Most people guess at the meaning, disliking to show signs of ignorance—which is a dangerous practice. The chances are you're being baited into a contradiction, with

many more such questions to follow. The climax comes when the cross-examiner asks the stenographer to read back, to show you have given two entirely different stories.

A favorite ambiguity is the "yes" or "no" question that forces an incomplete or untruthful answer, no matter what the reply.

A distinguished surgeon was asked: "Have you ever treated a case just like this one?" His wards were full of them—but *exactly* like this one? He wasn't sure. He started to explain. "Answer 'yes' or 'no,'" insisted the cross-examiner.

"But I can't answer the question in the form you ask it," he replied.

The judge supported him and directed the question be worded differently. True, lawyers from the time of Lord Coke have used this stratagem. It's a hoary tradition—but no more. Remember therefore:

If you are asked a question you can't fairly answer, ask that it be reworded. That's your privilege as a witness. And when the cross-examiner shoots a question full of legal hocus-pocus, don't play smart and pretend you know what he's talking about. Insist that he reduce it to your level.

Don't fill those memory gaps with guesses or imaginative detail. They ring convincing at the moment, but can you repeat the same story an hour later? Stick to the facts, and you won't have to remember what's gone before.

You're on safe ground when you say frankly, "I don't know." You invite disaster when you take a flier on what you're sure *must have* happened—even if you are a good actor.

Consider the score of witnesses whom a New York shyster coached to support his claim against a street railway. Their testimony on such details as speed, distances and relative positions of objects was perfect—perhaps too perfect. On cross-examination, each witness was asked, "Wasn't it the loud crash that first attracted your attention to these vehicles?" All went off the deep end. "Yes, of course," they agreed. The case was thrown out, as obviously all that preceded the crash was born of someone's suggestion.

A FAVORITE approach of cross-examiners is to make a witness feel his examination is no more than a friendly chat. If you are called as a witness, never forget that the sole aim of your cross-examiner is to discredit you in the eyes of the

jury. He's fishing for gaps in your memory, slips of the tongue, anything that will convince the jury you are an unmitigated liar or a crackpot unworthy of belief. When you find yourself liking the cross-examiner—watch out!

Your dread of self-contradiction is a powerful weapon in the hands of a clever cross-examiner. He may ask, "So you've finally decided to tell the truth, Mr. Jones?" or "Why didn't you tell us this before?" Don't blow up at this point. He's using a favorite cliché to draw you into excuses and explanations—the first signs of a real liar. Sit tight. Admit no contradictions, unless shown up in the stenographer's record of your testimony. And then state frankly, "I must have been confused. These are the facts, etc." Remember it's comparatively easy for a cross-examiner to lead you into minor inconsistencies. But they're duds—unless you yourself explode them.

If you're the kind who wears his confidence like a halo, don't forget that humility pays bigger dividends on the witness stand. Juries will take to you more quickly if you appear meek, bewildered, even slightly hurt.

A word to the voluble, inclined-to-be-chatty type: stick to the

questions! Avoid long-winded explanations. The jury doesn't need them, and the cross-examiner won't believe you. Moreover, the judge may exclude your reply, as under our rules you can only answer what the cross-examiner asks—even if you know he's missing the pivotal point at issue.

Take the case of the gateman testifying in an action involving a collision between a train and an automobile. For two hours, the cross-examiner hammered at his story that he had stood at the crossing, swinging a lantern, as the train approached. The jury believed the gateman and returned a nonsuit. A spectator later remarked, "John, you never did say whether that lantern of yours was lit." The gateman chuckled. "I wasn't asked."

ASSUME your story sticks. Are your troubles over? Far from it. There's still your credibility.

Theoretically, the purpose of cross-examination is to check your story against facts and theories held by the other side. Actually it's a legal free-for-all, with few holds barred. The cross-examiner assumes you are a rogue until proven wrong—and even then he's not convinced.

You may be asked whether you

were ever convicted of a crime, discharged from a job or jailed for public intoxication. When a cross-examiner asks these questions, he either knows the correct answers or is bluffing. Don't answer "No," hoping he won't find out about that conviction some years ago for speeding or hunting without a license. You may get away with it, but it's not worth the gamble.

You lose little, if anything, by admitting their truth. Most juries will have forgotten the incident when they begin their deliberations, but your lie will stick, and it may shake belief in all you have said. So play safe.

When the cross-examiner has blitzkrieged your memory to a confused rubble, and you can't think straight, be frank in saying, "I could better answer your questions after a short recess. I'm confused and would like to refresh my recollection." If the lawyer refuses, the jury is likely to think he's taking advantage of a witness and will discount your slips.

Don't expect to recall all that you saw, or once knew, of an event. Time clouds memories and distorts details. If you feel certain on some facts, vague on others, say so frankly. It's when you guess or let the cross-examiner put his own answers on your lips that you

face danger and trouble ahead.

Never memorize your story. It smatters too much of "fixed" testimony. Impress dates, names and places in your memory—if these are too numerous, keep a memo to refer to on the witness stand—but let the form of your answers be shaped by the questions.

Maintain a courteous, respectful attitude toward your cross-examiner, not to win his graces, but to make the jury feel more friendly toward you. Juries like politeness. They like it with a

reverence when they see it's being delivered under difficulty.

Remember these rules the next time you mount the witness stand. They won't show you how to outwit the lawyer or beat him at his own game. But they will give you a formula for clearer thinking and a more polished performance.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

LAWYERS MUST EAT

by Alexander L. Schlosser

\$2.00

The Vanguard Press, New York

YOU BE THE JUDGE

by Ernest Mortenson

\$3.75

Longmans, Green & Co., New York

Solution to the Spy Case on Pages 64-65

PETER, the gardener, was the confederate of the ambassador's wife. Peter's signaling was done with a broom, a rake or a spade. During the snow-storm he kept right on signaling—with a snow shovel.

Georg Karle readily observed through strong glasses the gestures described by Peter. We may imagine a stroke to the right as a dash, to the left a dot—a simple telegraphic code.

Marta, the woman who cleaned windows, was the only other suspect visibly active during the period in which the embassy was snowbound. However, two points eliminate her:

first, she has been tested, and second, Marta's white cloth would not show up against the white "backdrop" of the snow-bound embassy.

Peter's vigorous struggle in trying to keep embassy paths clear of snow, however, proved even more perceptible as signaling than his more normal raking of leaves.

—R. W. ROWAN

*Richard Wilmer Rowan, called by Clifton Fadiman "the greatest living authority on international secret service," is the author of this new series of spy problems. Among his many books, *The Story of Secret Service* and *Terror in Our Time* are best known.*

Somewhere beyond the door of sleep lies the world of our dreams. While we are in that world, it is as real as that which we have impudently called "reality." Here are just a few strange and intriguing tales that have been carried back from the boundaries of our "Other Life."

Your Other Life

WRITER Phil Stong will vouch for this case.

A negro boy, named Lob, lived in the river bottom at the edge of Keosauqua, Iowa. He worked in a nearby steel mill. One morning, instead of going to work, he began repairing a picket fence. In answer to inquiries, he replied:

"Last night I dreamed I was fixin' the pickets on the fence, and a hearse went by on its way down to the mill. Old hearse ain't goin' to bring me back from the mill."

The repair job on the fence was almost finished when the mill boilers burst. Soon the hearse went by, but considering the state of several workmen, a basket would have been more useful.

Stong declares that there are a

hundred people alive who know Lob, and will state that, although he is steady and hard working, he once missed a day's work at the mill—because of a dream. And on that same day, undertaker Charley Dodd paid a visit to the mill, but his hearse was too small.



ARRIVING at a hotel late one night, Cromwell Varley, top-notch technician for the Atlantic Cable Company, went at once to bed. Just as he dozed he remembered that he must awaken at a certain hour next morning in order to catch an outgoing steamer.

Early in the morning, Varley's *ego* became conscious that it was time to

get up, but that his *body* was still asleep. The *ego* searched about for some way to awaken the *body*. The *ego* discovered that there was a lumber yard outside the bedroom window. Two men were carrying a large plank across the yard; in a moment they would drop it with a thump.

The *ego* thought of a scene. It impressed on the *body* that a bomb was in front of it. The sound of the falling plank was to be the explosion of the bomb. The fear caused by this was to awaken the *body*.

All worked perfectly. The plank was dropped, the bomb exploded and Cromwell Varley awakened. Instantly, and with the consciousness of his dual identity still fresh in his mind, he ran to the window and pulled up the blind. Outside was the lumber yard; the two men were walking away from the dropped plank. Varley had not seen the lumber yard the night before, as it was pitch dark. As the shade was down, he could not see the men carrying the plank.

Can we in dreams recognize divisions in our consciousness which waking life obscures?



OUT OF A concealed hole in the dining room wall, a mouse ran into the dream life of Dr. John Bromby, prominent surgeon of Melbourne, Australia. The mouse ran boldly in front of the family cat, who, for some strange

reason, ignored it completely.

Next morning, Dr. Bromby recounted the dream to his sister. He considered it one of those amusing dreams in which reality is reversed. *It wasn't.* While they were still at the breakfast table, a mouse scurried from a concealed hole in the wall and ran directly in front of the cat. The cat paid no attention. Perhaps it was determined to substantiate the thesis that dreams come true.



ONLY A TRUE philosopher could deduce a point of epistemology from a housemaid's dream. But Schopenhauer did just that. He said:

"Having written a letter, I laid my hand on the ink pot instead of the sand box. The ink spilt on the floor. I called the servant to wash the floor. While she did so, she told me that she had dreamed the previous night of doing this and had told her dream to the other servant, who confirmed the story. This story puts the reality of such dreams beyond question.

"Therefore, all that happens is fated," he declared.

Tell a philosopher about your other life, and all you get is an involved discussion of determinism.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Colonel Beekelle:



Who walk alone

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK
BY PERRY BURGESS, DIRECTOR OF
THE AMERICAN LEPROSY FOUNDATION

THE story told by Perry Burgess, out of which the following abridgement has been carefully selected, is one never before told quite in this way. It is the story of Ned Langford, an ordinary young midwesterner who learned that something had happened to him, so terrible, so unmentionable, that it sent him into a lifelong exile on a distant tropical island. "It sticks in my memory not because of its horror, but because of its humanity," wrote Stephen Vincent Benét, on reading the manuscript. We cannot insure that you'll like it, but we do know it will impress your memory indelibly.

WHO WALK ALONE

JUST when or where the thing that was to bring my life to an end had happened, I never knew. It was certainly some time between the day in 1898 when I landed with a regiment of Colorado volunteers at Cavite, and the day, four years later, when I sailed home at the end of the Philippine Insurrection. That it *had* happened I did not even know for nine more years . . .

Toward the end of my enlistment in the Spanish-American War, I was billeted in the home of a Filipino family called Nolasco. They were of the upper class and threw open their home to me with characteristic hospitality. There was a daughter, as beauti-

ful as any Filipino I had seen — and some of the girls were as fair and fragile and lovely as Dresden. Carita! Her very name "little face" seemed to me exquisite. I thought I was in love and had some sessions with myself about marrying her and settling down in the Philippines.

Then my enlistment was up, and suddenly I was impatient to be home, to see mother and dad, the family and the old friends about town.

Seven months after I returned home to Missouri I received a letter from a friend. He had just seen the Nolasco family, and Carita had asked him to write and tell me why I had not heard from her:

by Perry Burgess

her younger brother, Sancho, had been discovered to be a leper.

I was stunned. Leprosy. The very word chilled my blood. Poor Sancho, poor little Carita. It was some time before it struck me that I had lived in that house. I had slept on their floor, eaten of their food. I had a moment of wild terror. Then, finally, I could think about it sensibly. It was seven months since I had come back, and I was sound and whole. My fear for myself passed.

Life settled down to a day by day existence. My brother, Tom, and I had plenty to do running two farms and a trucking business and taking care of our mother and sister.

I had been back nine years when in a single instant, life stopped being humdrum. Of course it was a girl—the prettiest, happiest girl I'd ever known. My courtship of Jane was swift and tempestuous. Within a month she had agreed to marry me.

Jane had attended a school in the East, specializing in music. She was an accomplished pianist and did some composing. One night she played something new for me, the most haunting melody I had ever listened to.

"What is it?" I demanded. "I've never heard it before."

Jane laughed. "Of course you haven't, darling, since I just wrote it—for you." I made her play it over and over. When I had learned it I went around whistling it all day.

One night Jane and I had been to a concert, and on the way home had stopped at the office. Jane was sitting by the window humming our song when we heard the fire alarm. The third floor of the warehouse was afire, and I was afraid the stables might catch. There were only three men on duty in the stables at night. Together, we went after the horses. As I was rescuing the last of them, a little saddle mare, my arm went into the flaming hay. A stab of pain shot to my shoulder. Fortunately, the doctor had driven up.

"Fix my hand, Doc," I said. "It hurts like the devil."

"Your arm must hurt like two devils then."

I twisted my arm around. It was burned and burned badly. But I didn't seem to feel it. He went over my entire arm. But even with the burns he found a numb area on the forearm.

Who Walk Alone

"Say, Ned, sure you didn't get nipped by a bullet or nicked by a bolo in that spot?"

"Of course not. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, as far as I can see. Only people usually don't go numb in spots without reason."



SOME MONTHS later another numb spot appeared on my shoulder. Then a week later while in my bath, a third, like the others! I was both frightened and angry, and though I did not dare put my fear into words, I determined to go to a doctor I had heard about in St. Louis.

The doctor in St. Louis sent me, in turn, to a Major Thompson who had served in the Medical Corps of the army, during the Philippines campaign. He was the type of man I would have recognized anywhere. Hard-boiled, matter of fact, tough. Ruthless, he followed his conviction; a life or two meant nothing to him. It was the conquest of disease that counted.

He snipped a piece of each of the spots. It didn't hurt. He ran a swab up each nostril and smeared a slide. Fascinated, I

watched him bend over the microscope.

Suddenly he pushed his chair back.

"There is no doubt about it. It's good old Hansen's bacillus, sure as you live!"

Hatred flamed in me. Happy as a king, all over a bug! And I had the bug! If I'd had a gun, I think I would have shot him. I turned toward the door, staggered, and caught at the frame. At once he was beside me.

"Oh God, soldier, I'm sorry. Let's have a drink and talk it over."

"Doc," I mumbled, "is it hopeless?"

"Well, there is a new treatment and there's a lot of hope that it's going to work. In the meantime I know of a deserted shack by the river. Suppose I take you there for now?"

I told him I would do anything he suggested.

The shack was in an unbroken desert of debris, the neighborhood dump. The stench was terrible. There was an upturned wooden box, and I sat on it. At last it came to me. Here by this dump I belonged. Refuse, and nothing more, that was Ned Langford.

by Perry Burgess

I felt something racing over my ankle. It was a rat! There were more of them. I leaped to my feet kicking and shouting. I groped my way to the shanty and as I came up there was a sound of slithering feet . . . a horde of brown rats scurried out and made past me for the dump. There was one left. He flew at me, his teeth ripping through my trousers. I grabbed frantically and found his throat. He fought and clawed, cutting my hands until the blood streamed. I was afraid to let go. Finally I swung my arms and hurled him, dead, through the glass in the window.

With the sound of breaking glass something crashed within me. Alone, alone for all time: Mother! Tom! Jane! . . . I reeled across to the wooden bunk, threw myself down, and wept my heart out.

In the morning Major Thompson appeared.

"Tell me the truth, Doc, don't mince it. I want to know what I'm up against."

"I'm not going to lie to you. You are healthy and strong; you may have a good chance of recovery. But *you have to do this, soldier*, whether you are scared or not. You can take it standing up

fighting, or you can lie down and let it beat you."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You might go to the Louisiana State Home for Lepers at Carville. The difficulty there is that at Carville there is not much work. You need occupation."

"Louisiana is too near home. I want to keep this thing from my folks. Tom will have to know. But I want to get away off."

"Well, you know about Culion. The colony is under the direction of the Philippine Health Service. That means good doctors, with wide experience, since they have thousands of patients."

"But suppose I did want to go. No steamer would carry me."

"An army transport might. On the other hand, treatment in this country might be effective. There is a doctor in New York City who has knowledge of the disease. He could tell you just what you had to do to stay there. If you stayed it would mean great loneliness but maybe a chance that you wouldn't have to go to Culion at all."

In order to avoid infecting others it was arranged that I drive to New York in a car my brother would bring to me when he came.

Two days later Tom appeared.

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When I told him everything he sat for quite a while with his face in his hands.

"Tom," I said, "I'm going to change my name. I'm going to be Ned Ferguson. You must tell the family I am dead. It's the only way—but I'll make it easy. I'll run the car into deep water somewhere. The papers will report me as a suicide."

"Ned, you won't really do that, will you? Commit suicide?"

"Noo-o. I don't think I will. I'm pretty sure that I won't."



IN NEW YORK I went straight to Dr. Todd. "You can stay here for six months," he decided, "and see if there is any improvement. I've rented a little house in Greenwich Village. You will cook your own meals. Clean your own rooms. You must even wash your own clothes. Food will be left at your door. For money, use coins—and before handling them pour alcohol over them. Wear gloves when you do this and wear them all the time outside. Of course, you must avoid all contact with others!"

I stayed nearly a year in New

York. In that whole time I never knew anybody. There were nearly five million human beings crowded all round me, and I did my best to be alone.

I think I forgot how to laugh that year.

One day Dr. Todd telephoned me to come to his office.

"Mr. Ferguson," he said, "you are not getting better."

It would have been a greater shock if I had not already decided that to endure the loneliness of this great city, to be in it and not of it, was no longer possible.

"Doctor, will you write Major Thompson? I want to go to Cullion."

That night I wrote Tom of my decision.

"Dear Tom,

"I've reached the end. I can't endure another day of it, so I'm going where there are others like me, where I need not hesitate to speak to the man I meet in the street. Where, if someone jostles me, I don't have to slink away from him like a beaten dog.

"I've had a crazy passion at times to go into the theatre throngs on Broadway late at night and suddenly scream at those laughing carefree thousands . . . 'Look,

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everyone! Look at me! My name is Ned Langford and I'm a man too. I'm a human being just as much as you are. I've even got a girl. She was going to marry me, but I'm a leper—a leper!' I've even laughed at the picture I have drawn of the horror and insane revulsion that would freeze their laughter and send them fighting to get away from such a menace.

"And yet, Tom, why would they? Why do people everywhere have such fear of the very word? If you were to see me now you would not think of me as sick. You would not see any change.

"Before you can reply to this letter I shall be gone. This is the end of my old life. Tomorrow I shall be part of my new world.

"I know nothing of the world into which I am going. When I am there I shall write you. Meantime don't think I've quit. I've just accepted what can't be avoided. . . . I've lost my life—I shall try to find it again.

"Affectionately, Ned."

WE WERE turning in at the wide gates of San Lazaro Hospital in Manila. We got out and I followed Dr. Ravino down a corridor into a long narrow room.

Single wooden cots were along both walls, all occupied. My bed was nearest the door, and a great open window admitted a soft breeze. When he had left I crawled into bed.

From the room came the sound of heavily sleeping men; two or three moaned and tossed, but they didn't disturb me. What was worrying me was why I was there at all. I, Ned Langford, a leper, sleeping with a roomful of lepers! Why hadn't I died when I pretended to die?

Somebody was sobbing. It sounded like a child. I couldn't stand it. Slipping from under my netting I crossed to the bed and sat down. His sobbing grew quieter as I patted his shoulder. The moon was bright, and I could see him clearly. A fine looking lad. My heart went out to him.

Between slackening sobs he told me his name was Tomas, that he was ten years old and this was the first time he had been away from home.

Light came while I sat there. He had come close to me and snuggling over against my shoulder had gone fast asleep.

As I awoke I saw a friendly smile from the bed opposite.

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"Good morning, sir. You are Mr. Ferguson?"

"Good morning. You know about me?"

"Oh yes, sir, Dr. Ravino told us you would be coming. I am Manuel."

With that he rolled out of bed and came over with outstretched hand. It was a year since I had shaken hands with anyone. I hesitated, remembered I could not harm him. The fact sent a wave of relief through me.

Almost at once the whole ward was astir. The ice was broken. I had dreaded the moment when I should meet lepers as lepers. But all that was past. We were kin, not strangers. As we went to the mess hall I found those of my own ward gathering about me and I had a feeling they were protecting me from seeing some of the more advanced cases.

The next day as we boarded the Coast Guard cutter for Culion, the pier was filled with people who cried to their relatives as we crowded the decks. A few of the patients fell fainting.

When the lines were cast off, wails of anguish from decks and pier rent the air. Many were in hysterics. On the pier I could see

police forcibly restraining frantic souls who wanted to swim after us. Some of the lepers on deck tried to throw themselves into the water. It was bedlam.

Tomas, at my side, shuddered.

His hand slipped into mine. I looked down. There was bewilderment, aloneness and fear in those dark eyes. I pressed his hand, and he sent me a quick, wondering, upward glance.

Suddenly I was glad of that small hand. We were not alone any longer, there were two of us.



As we came alongside the wooden landing stage at Culion, men in uniform were shooing the crowd off the wharf.

"The police are patients," said the doctor who accompanied us. "You see we quarantine new patients."

"For leprosy?"

"Oh, no. For other infectious diseases. Leprosy rarely kills, you know. It is some other disease that carries off the patient in almost all cases. And a leper may contract any other disease. If he does not, he will more than likely live out his normal life."

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We followed the others and got into line. To my amazement a reception committee was there to welcome us. There were two groups of nurses, one in the habit of the Sisters of St. Paul de Châtres, and the other, the regular nurses of the Philippine Health Service. Dr. Winton, the Chief of the Colony, stopped with me for several minutes. He was keen and brisk but young. Younger than I was!

"You look very fit," he said. "I have some suggestions to make as to your quarters. Most of the patients build their own small houses; four or five of one family, or those who are friends go in together. The colony furnishes the material and tools and they do the work.

"Now for you. There was an American here who died of tuberculosis a few months ago. When he was dying he asked me to see that his house went to some other American. If you want the place it is yours. There is something else. The boy Tomas. Dr. Marshall says you have an interest in him. Why not take him with you? He could be your house boy."

I felt the pressure of that small hand in mine. Two of us.

"I'd like it very much."

"Then that's settled. And you may observe your quarantine there. Just stay until it is lifted."

The Padre, a Roman Catholic priest, was approaching.

"My name is Marello, Mr. Ferguson. We are sorry you must come here, but we all hope you will find some happiness."

We talked for a while. Then, on an impulse, I asked him, "Have you a patient here named Sancho Nolasco?"

"Oh yes, he is in the hospital."

"Could you tell him, Father, that Sergeant Ned is here and will come to see him as soon as he can?"

"Certainly, my son."

The next day Dr. Winton sent a number of tools, and Tomas and I got to work with a vim. The house had deteriorated, but we could fix that. I fell in love with the location, at first sight. The grounds ran down to the water, and the view of the bay made my throat catch.

"Good afternoon." Father Marello came around the side of the house dragging a chair with him.

"This chair is one of our customs. Callers are permitted, but we try to keep the chance of infection down to a minimum. Visi-

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tors cannot be served food or drink—though they may bring their own. This chair came from the small shed back there from which each guest fetches his own chair and replaces it when he leaves. None of the patients ever touch them." He looked around.

"How you have worked! Why, the place looks made over. I'll ask a blessing on the undertaking. It will please Tomas, at least."

We walked down to the sea where, while Tomas' eyes shone, Father Marello blessed our house and its inmates.

Then Father Marello and I went back to the porch, and his manner changed. "Would you care to go with me tomorrow and see Sancho? I'm sorry to tell you he is one of our advanced cases. I'm afraid it may not be a happy visit for you. You see, he thinks it was he who infected you."

There was something else I had to know. "Father—Sancho had a sister, Carita—"

"Yes, my son, she also has leprosy. She is in a leprosarium at Cebu, but she is nothing like Sancho. You must not take it too hard. It might have been worse."

I laughed, and it was certainly not very pleasant laughter.

"She is a leper and you tell me it might have been worse! That sweet pretty girl—where was your God!"

"We do not know the ways of God, my son—"

"The ways of God," I shouted. "What a God, to turn his face the other way on children like Sancho and Carita. Do not preach to me about such a God!"

He waited.

Suddenly I felt abashed and fell silent. "I'm ashamed of myself. You are a guest in my house." He smiled, a weary patient smile.

"And I have just blessed the house in the name of my God. The blessing stands. And I continue to sit here. There is no offense."

When he left, I stalked back to the kitchen and got a bottle of whiskey. I was going to get out of this horror by the easiest road.

I was drunk when I fell asleep.



"HERE we are, my son," said the Padre, as we entered the Hospital the next morning.

My knees went weak. A sweetish, sickening odor came through the open door. For the

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first time I was going to see what leprosy could do. We stopped beside an iron cot.

Never in my wildest imaginings had I dreamed of horror like this. This rotting piece of flesh was not Sancho—the fine-featured lad I had known.

He had not moved. He lay there, and I looked. His eyebrows and eyelashes were gone; his forehead was covered with shiny reddish welts, some of which were open wounds. The bridge of his nose had fallen in and the nostrils were distended with great festering tubercles. Through those ulcerated cavities the air was sucked audibly into his lungs. His lips were thick and enlarged, and a paralysis of the mouth was beginning so that it was set in an immobile, open oval.

"Sancho, my son, I have brought someone to see you."

The flesh moved. The eyes, opening, turned toward me.

"Is that you, sergeant?" . . . I was being addressed by the dead.

If I could talk it must be quickly. I told him I had heard that he believed that he had infected me. I assured him with vehemence that it could not be so. I repeated it two or three times.

He was trying to speak. He tried to thank me and smile. That was the most horrible thing of all. Then he was crying and muttering that he had infected Carita. The Padre touched my arm.

"Come," he said, and as we went, a nurse came to the bed. Through her soothing tones I could hear Sancho's pitiful moans.

"Carita—Carita, Carita."

The tears were coursing down my cheeks. Mercifully they blinded me so that I did not wholly see the figures in each bed. But I saw enough. As we neared the door I saw a man with no hands; there were bandages where the ends of the stumps came. One foot was uncovered: a mass of festering flesh. A figure in white rose at our approach—it was Sister Victoire. She had the face of a saint.

"Good morning, Father. Good morning Mr. Ferguson." She was going to bandage that foot! I dashed past the Padre out into the underbrush where I was violently ill.

Later I found the whiskey bottle again. I drank deep and was sick again. As the miserable day wore on, I drank and was sick and drank again. After a time I looked at the sea and started to-

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ward it only to collapse into a chair. Tomas was standing beside me, calling, calling.

"You are sick, sir. I call and call. I am much afraid. I fear you die. Then I die too, sir. Since I lose my family you are for me all. If you die, I die too."

At once revulsion swept me. I shook a dizzy fist at the sea. Not yet—there was plenty of time for that. I put my arm around him. "I'll be damned if you are a better man than I am, my little Malay brother!"

A few days later I learned that Sancho had died in the night.

WHEN I WAS sober I did what was perhaps the first real thinking of my life. I had to have a plan of living; otherwise this running amuck would be the end of me. I was no longer horrified. I accepted what I had seen. I was a strong man still and needed something to occupy me. Pondering on it, I wandered restlessly about.

Something was stirring in me as I looked far down the blue bay. There was beauty, beauty everywhere. Beauty against the background of all that suffering in Culion. Here was my answer to the problem that had been tortur-

ing me. I would find things to do. I would cheat the empty days. I would make beauty. I determined to make my house and garden the show place of Culion.



IT WAS two years since my arrival when Tom wrote that mother had died. He was sending me her blue dishes which I had always liked so much. They were English china, and their infrequent use always marked some special family occasion. Nothing of mother's he could have sent me would have pleased me more. It made my grief easier to bear.

From the first week of my arrival, I had been taking treatments regularly. Winton had explained that the new treatment consisted of giving chaulmoogra oil by injection.

"There are a number of patients who will take no treatment at all, I am sorry to say. However, we do not, as yet, insist upon it. But I hope you will be faithful in your attendance. The treatment is too new to know what the results will be, but we are all hopeful."

My own reaction was slight. Sometimes immediately after

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treatment a man would be seized with a violent coughing spell or he would be dizzy. Luckily, I escaped both.

One day Dr. Winton came to see me.

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that while I am not worse than when I came, I am not getting better."

"You must not give up hope, Ned. We all believe the injections are going to work wonders."

"The trouble is, I've finished my house, and I'm terrified at facing idleness."

"I understand. But it is not easy to furnish employment in a place like this."

"Well," I answered, "there are more than thirty-five hundred people here now. Many of them will never see home again. They must find a new life here. Many of your patients have been fishermen, and a lot more could learn. You have a contract with a company from the outside to supply fish, haven't you? Why not give us a chance to do the job instead?"

"You don't realize the quantity of fish needed. The colonists here do not have sufficient equipment. They could not be depended upon to fill so great a demand."

"It's true that many could not be depended upon—but there are also a lot of people who want to work. I'll admit they couldn't supply four thousand people tomorrow but they could supply a part. You bring these men here and condemn them to idleness. All outside markets are closed. Then you close their own market and turn it over to white well people. I think it is rotten."

Dr. Winton took it, twisting the bowl of his pipe in his fist. "What do you want?"

"I want a contract for a certain amount of fresh fish. Pay what you pay outsiders. I'll get the men together."

"We'll be running against prejudice if we tackle it," he said, rising to go. "A lot of people feel lepers should not work. We Americans have to watch our step in these parts. But I'm going to think about your fishing party, Ned. Goodnight."

A few days later Winton sent for me and told me that they would try my plan. He also told me that Carita, Sancho's sister, would be arriving that afternoon.

I was wholly unprepared for the vision of loveliness that came through my gate with the Padre

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at five that afternoon. Carita had been a pretty child, but thirteen years later she was a tall, slim, gracious lady of extreme beauty.

Long after Father Marello left we sat and talked and joked and laughed. It was like being re-born.

One night we walked along the beach. Suddenly there came a chorus of savage mournful howls from upshore. With a frightened cry Carita slipped into my arms.

I bent over and kissed her again and again. We forgot our doom, forgot everything except that the night was ours. I carried her back to the house. It was dawn when I walked down the road with her.

Two weeks passed. I had not seen Carita in all that time, and I was almost crazy. Could it be that she was going to have a baby?

I thought of what Winton had told me. Over a hundred children were born to patients every year. Yet they were not born lepers, for leprosy is not inherited. But the children were so susceptible to infection that as soon as possible they were taken from their mothers. Was this awful agony to be Carita's?

Five days later Carita came.

I rushed to her. "Carita, are you going to have a baby?"

"No, my poor darling, I have been ill."

"Will—will you marry me, dearest?"

She sighed.

"Ned, let us face it squarely. I cannot marry you and arrange not to have children. That is against my faith and belief in God. You say life has nothing left? God is left, and He is very real to me."

That night I went home alone, knowing once and for all that I would be alone for all time.



WITHIN A FEW YEARS the fishery business was making a fair showing. We had built up a co-operative organization. Profits above wages were used to pay a small dividend.

I had initiated the business to save myself from thoughts of suicide. It was a small frog in a very big pond—but it was an active frog and started ripples. All the doctors approved, claiming that the stores and other little businesses started by patients had been stimulated by our success. This, of course, was very gratifying.

It was about this time that I saw my first group of "paroles."

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Thirty of the colonists had been pronounced negative. That is, the disease had ceased to progress, and they were considered no longer a menace.

Carita was among those pronounced negative, but she dreaded returning to Manila.

"I cannot face the suspicion and fear of the outside world. Besides, I have work to do here. It is unlikely that I could find anything to do on the outside."

"Carita," I said, "you owe it to those who cured you to go home and take up the fight for the paroled. It will be doubly difficult for them. *You* can make the outer world easier for them."

She raised her lovely head. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"You—you want me to go?"

Every nerve in me cried out to keep her, whose companionship had meant so much.

"I want you to go. I want you to help us who remain to keep our dreams of returning."

THE WORLD continued to move on. One day soon after, I saw people running, heard their shouts: "Armistice! Armistice!"

The war had not passed us by in Culion. All of us who could

had bought Liberty bonds, and most of us had been affected in one way or another. My own loss had been great, for soon after America entered the war I heard that Tom had been killed.

Now, armistice had been declared and I knew there would be a great celebration. But when that whistle screamed, something happened to me. I had to be alone. The inner Ned Langford spoke:

"My armistice is signed, too. The fight is over."

Then I knew. Never before had I acknowledged it. On the street I had taken to wearing gloves. I held up the shortening fingers that had retreated to below the first knuckle. In that hour I faced it. I felt certain I would never leave Culion—I would die a leper.

What was there in life for me?

Across the bay I could see the shadows of our fishing boats. Below me were the piers. I had made both. I had the respect of my fellows—I had helped them to live better lives. The doctors did make progress, if not with me, then with others. Stand up and fight, soldier. Sign up for what you, a leper, may be able to do. Sign before your hands are gone! I took up my fountain pen and

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signed in indelible ink across the top of the wooden table.

Then I leaned back, well content. At last I desired to live. I had won my freedom.

ALL THROUGH my years on the Island, I continued to report regularly for treatment. The doctors assured me that it had a good effect on other patients who might be tempted to give up the struggle.

And I suspected that although the disease was slowly progressing, the treatment might have retarded the progress.

One day Winton told me my heart was not behaving as it should. It struck me then that I was sick, old and tired. I wanted home, more than I had ever wanted anything. I wanted America.

It was some months before my transfer to Carville was arranged, but finally I boarded the cutter.

The band was playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever." To my amazement, every doctor and nurse in the place, the Padre, Sister Victoire and all the well people seemed to be there. I raised my arm stiffly in the salute of the soldier. Cheers resounded from the shore.

And so, surrounded by this tri-

umphal armada, I saw my last of the colony of the lepers at Culion.

Twenty-five years of a man's life on that little island. What did it mean? But within me welled the answer born of those years. Life, no matter how it is lived, is always a mystery. To take it as it comes, asking no quarter, fighting to the end, that is the creed the quarter century had brought to me. Balancing the scales at the end, this leper knows that he is first of all a man. For that man life has been worthwhile. Adios, Culion—at last I'm going home!



PARAGRAPHS from a Southern Newspaper: New Orleans, Louisiana: *The body of Ned Langford, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, who contracted leprosy while serving in the Philippines, was taken from a compartment on the express when it arrived last night.*

Langford seemed reasonably well the previous day, except that he was greatly excited because the train had passed through his home town and he had seen the house he was born in. He evidently died of an over-taxed heart.

Langford will be buried with full military honors.

Features You Won't Want to Miss in
the June Coronet—out May 25th

Looking Forward

THE CASE FOR "UNION NOW" by Clarence K. Streit

"To prevent democracy's total defeat—there must be Union now of the eight remaining democracies," insists the leader of a group which today advocates that the U.S.A. join the British in forming one common Federation. "It's the only road to government of, by and for the people."

BEGGING IS A BUSINESS by Frank W. Brock

Before you get generous, better take time out to get curious. For like any well-organized business, big league begging is operated on a paying basis—and we do the paying. Here are the panhandler's tricks in trade.

IS AMERICA FLYING BLIND? by Major Alexander P. de Seversky

In the designing of tomorrow's aviation, America is still only "catching up"—a fatal procedure when there is dire need to outdistance, out-plan and out-think the adversary!

COURTING OF SUSIE BROWN by Erskine Caldwell

Another story out of the heart of the South, filled with good-natured back country humor by the famed author of *Tobacco Road*. It seems Susie didn't want a man who might wilt just when she was getting her interest up. . . .



The Bachelor Lite by George Jean Nathan

The wittiest bookette of the year. A brisk whirl through the days (and nights) of a bachelor, written by one in good standing. Especially recommended for women, if they can "take it."

*In addition: *Distance Is No Cure* by Gretta Palmer . . . *Wanted: Movie Actors* by Martin Lewis . . . *Winant Warms Up* by Michael Evans . . . *Letter to a Selectee* by Clarence Dykstra, Former Director of Selective Service . . . and six other articles and stories.

*Also: Three full-color gatefolds including *America's Air Arm*, a presentation of some of the planes which make up the United States Air Corps; a Portfolio of Personalities, introducing our eight *Women in Congress*; a new collection of 32 full-page story-telling photographs; and a miscellany of marginal features.

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**Dividend
policy
defined**

flood the editors' desks. In less than forty-eight hours, the entire supply was spoken for.

Offering free reprints of each of the three gatefolds in mass quantities which threatened to pass the 100,000 mark presented a tremendous and costly problem. Frankly, Coronet could not afford it. Nevertheless, mindful of their original pledge, the editors determined to give readers at least *one* reprint at no charge.

And so it was decided to invest enough money to offer *one* of the gatefolds each month, free to *every* reader.

The remaining two gatefolds could also be obtained at a nominal charge, thus avoiding all disappointments.

This month, therefore, the editors of Coronet announce their new form for Coronet's Dividend Plan. It is to be hoped that readers will find it an equitable compromise.

1. From each issue the editors will select one gatefold to be offered free to all readers who send in the coupon, properly filled out.
2. Reprints of the other two gatefolds are also available at a nominal charge of 10c each, to cover all costs.
3. Each coupon is valid for only *one month* after the publication of the issue in which it appears and full remittance must accompany each order.

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Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive "An Airman's Letter to His Mother" as my free May reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover the cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

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